

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The little rebellion in the North-West this week, in which three young Indians retired to a bluff about half an acre in extent and defied the constabulary and militia of the country for two or three days, excited a great deal of interest in Eastern Canada. Down here we were not as likely to see the necessity of capturing and punishing Almighty Voice as were those who live in daily proximity to the Indians. Of course we realize that the lives of the people must be protected, yet a great many felt active sympathy for the three Indians who so boldly held out against powers that were absolutely certain to crush them in the end. People who sympathized with Almighty Voice were disposed to make allowance for the blood that coursed in his veins. He had only violated white men's laws, and he had the wild man's repugnance to being captured, cooped up for months and then hanged. He decided to fight it out, and he fought it out to the finish. He died hard and made law and order pay a high price for that life of his which it claimed. While his notions were wrong and his life a menace to other lives, yet his notions came to him from his fathers as your standards of conduct and mine came to us. He has gone down under the car of progress, but he gave the wheels a bad jolting as they passed over and crushed him.

Those, however, who, in expressing admiration for the fighting Indian, think it well to deride the hundred men who surrounded that bluff for a couple of days, fail to realize the situation. The three Indians were well armed and had given satisfactory evidence that they were expert marksmen. They were securely hidden, and the charge in which Hocken and others were killed demonstrated that they could pick off almost any number of men before a party could rush to the pit where they hid. To charge again meant sure death to several men, and as there was no urgency, the wise plan was pursued in waiting for a shell-gun to drive the fugitives out. Indeed, poor Hocken seems to have committed the error of the fight in charging the bluff when death for some of the party was inevitable, and when there was no real occasion for hurrying the affair to an issue. The fate of this man, a son of a British admiral, in dying in a little brush with a couple of fugitive Indians, after several years in the British Army as a captain, must be regarded as pathetic. The police and civilians appear to have conducted themselves with undoubted courage, as will be readily granted by those who realize how formidable even one man is when securely entrenched and holding a magazine rifle.

The name of the Indian—Almighty Voice—whether it was bestowed upon him at his birth or later, when he was admitted to the rank of a warrior in his tribe, may have had something to do with his sensational death. He may have tried to live up to his name by sounding the call for an uprising of his race, and we can readily understand that had he attained a little more success he might have turned his name to account in working upon the superstitions and war-hunger of the young braves. Parents often give their children high-sounding names which the youngsters are urged to live up to, so that we run across Byron Smiths writing bad poetry, and George Washington Browns expressing lofty but inapplicable political sentiments. Perhaps it was in a similar way that Almighty Voice went almost single-handed to war with the British Empire.

The singular spell of talkativeness that possesses Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin in the House of Commons has suggested to the cartoonists a parallel between Almighty Voice and the honorable member from Pile o' Bones. Sam Hunter in the *World*, and Rostap in the *Telegram*, have used the idea with much effect, producing at least two of the best cartoons of the year. The fact seems to be that Mr. Davin, unable to foretell how the proceedings to invalidate his election may result, is determined to make good use of the present session. Like the Indian at bay in the bluff, he proposes to die hard, and if he can lead the House a merry dance all this session his chance of re-election, if unsent, will be good. Mr. Davin is one of the characters of the House of Commons, and if he should go down in the fight the future volumes of Hansard will lack a spice of poetry. The cruelty of politics is frequently shown in the way men prominent in Parliament are beaten in back-line polling booths by new men, who sit for years in the House without ever revealing the least talent, knowledge of affairs, generally, good fellowship, or any other quality or trait that would explain why the constituencies preferred these men to the others. Men who entirely fuse their identity with the party to which they belong, risk this danger more than do those who preserve some individuality,

and it is the loyal, obedient private member who is wiped out in a political turn-over. He carries the constituency in the name of the party and not in his own name, and men who esteem him will vote against the party and incidentally wipe him off the slate. He passes off the scene and is often forgotten, even by the party for whose sins he suffered. The leaders, who build up their personal identities, and those other private members who value their own political careers as highly as the leaders value theirs, are not so easily beaten and are not so readily forgotten by the political party to which they never give more than a qualified service.

The following letter, from the Medical Superintendent of the London Asylum, is well worth reading, because it makes a contention that will be new to most people, viz.: That a Governor-General and his consort are, by the very terms of their presence here, entitled to despise Canadians:

ASYLUM, LONDON, May 31, 1897.
MY DEAR MACK,—I have just read with some attention your remarks in SATURDAY NIGHT of the 24th instant, in re the Countess of Aberdeen. You seem to feel aggrieved, and you seem to expect readers to feel so too, because Her Excellency looks (as you think) *de haut en bas* on our wretched Canadians. But suppose she does, what right have we to find fault with or blame her therefor? Do we not

gently from point to point until now he is but an official convenience of representative and constitutional government here in Canada. He is the official link that unites Canada with the Empire, and the union is greatly desired by an apparently large majority of our people. If, however, a man is of the opinion that Canada should do business as an independent republic, even that man should, I think, rest content with the advances we have made in thirty years towards independence, for, in effect, we have attained complete self-government without losing a life or having one of our harbors sacked. The personality of the Governor-General is really no affair of ours. We confess no inferiority in accepting his presence, for his presence is the concession we make to the Empire in return for concessions made to us; but, being here, it is our concern to see that he does not interfere with the buzz-saw. Looking at it practically and apart altogether from sentiment, we get a Governor-General for less than it would cost to elect and maintain a President, and there are these additional advantages: That we get the protection of the greatest navy in the world, the assistance of the finest consular service in the world, and are governed by a native Premier instead of by a native President. It is not a bad bargain for a

honest. Mr. Rockefeller, then, having compiled great wealth and professing a deep consciousness of religious duty, seems clearly to have preached upon the wrong branch of the subject.

Mr. Rockefeller held up to the class a little book which he explained was his first ledger, and said:

It shows that from September 23, 1855, until January 1, 1886, I received \$50. Out of that I paid my washerwoman and the lady I boarded with, and I saved a little money to put away.

Among other things, I find that I gave a cent to the Sunday school every Sunday. That is not a very large sum, is it? But that was all the money I had to give for that particular object. I was also giving to several other religious objects, and what I could afford to give, I gave regularly, as I was taught to do, and it has been a pleasure to me all my life to do so.

Before I leave you, I will read a few items from my ledger. I find in looking over it that I was saving money all this time, and in the course of a few years I had saved \$1,000. Now, as to some of my expenses, I see that from November 24, 1855, to April, 1856, I paid for clothing \$9.09. I see also, here, another item I remember I used to wear mittens. The item is a pair of fur gloves, for which I paid \$2.50. In the same period I find I gave away \$5.38. In one month I gave to Foreign Missions, ten cents; to the Mite Society, fifty cents, and there is also a contribution to the Five Points Mission. I was not living then in New York, but I suppose I felt that it was in need of help, so I sent up twelve cents to the mission. Then to the venerable teacher of my class I gave thirty-five cents to make him a present. To the poor people of the church I gave ten cents at this time, and in January and February following I gave ten cents more,

morality than the one he exhibited to that Bible class. We are taught that there shall come a time when a man must produce all his books and explain all his entries, and not before senates or congresses that can be lobbied, or before commissions that can be influenced. Intelligence is growing on earth, and some day men will be judged not only by the sums they ostentatiously give to relieve the poor, but by the amounts of money and the desperate genius they employ in order to manufacture poverty and to hold down those who strive to pull themselves above the reach of the sharp talons of want. As I understand it, the great question at the judgment will not be "Who gave money to relieve the poor?" but rather, "Who forced poverty upon this multitude, and who upon that multitude, thereby causing the host of crimes and evils that issued from poverty?" If this proves to be the great question when it is being ascertained who practiced charity and who did not, there will be a mighty commotion among those who on earth held the convenient theory that charity consisted in giving after having ravenously seized everything in sight. It is a perverted view of a man's life-duty, and the churches should be slow to give it currency. Yet we find that Rev. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), who, if he has ever written anything amiss,

has on the other hand contributed more to the world's faith through the medium of his novels than he could ever take away in a work on theology, was threatened with a trial for heresy, and might have suffered expulsion had the case against him been listened to, while John D. Rockefeller is encouraged to preach, with himself for a text, to young men's Bible classes. Are his "works" not to be examined for heresy or other fault disqualifying him as a teacher? Are we all to emulate his life and pursue his methods of gaining wealth, and be forgiven so long as we do not fail to give cheques to churches, colleges and charities? Are we to conclude that it does not matter what a man does so long as he says what is expected of him?

Mr. Rockefeller recently offered \$250,000 to the American Baptist Missionary Society on condition that a like sum be raised by popular subscription, and while his generosity was praised by many, a missionary, Rev. Mr. Cossum, protested against the acceptance of money gained by Mr. Rockefeller's methods. The missionary has raised a very nice question, but it is likely that he will be in the minority. It is very hard to decide that any large sum of money, offered to a needy cause, should be rejected, yet when the churches apparently put the seal of approval upon business methods that cannot be defended, it is impossible to estimate how many lives may be misdirected.

The proposal that Alderman Hallam be commissioned to proceed to England to place that casket in the hands of the Queen has much to recommend it, yet we must not forget the danger we run, for Her Majesty might take such a fancy to Mr. Hallam that we would never get him back again.



IN INDIA—AT THE GOVERNOR'S BALL.

declare in the most public manner possible, to all the world, that we have not among us such great, wise and noble men and women as are to be found (so it would appear) in great plenty among the members of the English aristocracy? Do we not declare this by procuring that individuals of that order be sent out year by year to rule over us? If we are as wise, as good, as noble, as competent to rule in political and to set example in social life as the Earls and Countesses in question, why do we not then govern ourselves, as do other self-respecting nations smaller in population and vastly smaller in territory and natural wealth than we are?

To admit inferiority (especially where, as in this case, it does not exist) is base enough, but to admit inferiority by our continuous assent to the form of government referred to and then to complain that the person we set above us looks down upon us (how else could he or she see us at all?) is surely not only more base still, but stupid as well. For my part I hope and trust that our governors and their consorts may adopt and maintain such an attitude toward us as may lead us to consider seriously whether we are not also men and women, and as capable as any others of directing our own fate and our own lives not only in the political, but what is much more important, in the personal and social sphere, and that we no more need imported wisdom and goodness to direct and inspire us than do Denmark, Switzerland, Belgium or even England herself. We have lately seen one of our provinces and one of our cities refuse to submit to priestly dictation. The example set by Quebec and Toronto is most admirable, why cannot we carry the same spirit into all the relations of life? But as long as we continue to admit inferiority by acquiescing in the present form of government, for heaven's sake let us not call the attention of the world to our abject condition by shameless and pitiful whinings. If we elect to lie upon the ground must we not necessarily be regarded from above by those who prefer to stand erect?

Dr. Bucke is quite well aware that since Major-General Brock stepped in and acted as civil and military ruler; since Lord Durham investigated and made his report; since the day of Viscount Monck and Lord Lisgar, there has come a great change over the face of affairs. Gradually but irrevocably the Governor-General, from being the vice-regent of a stubborn-minded King George, and then the colonial representative of a constitutional government at London, has passed smoothly and

young country, whatever its ultimate intentions may be.

John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil monopolist, is probably the richest man in America. The *Globe* has recently been publishing a history of Mr. Rockefeller's career in building up his monopoly, showing how he destroyed one competitor after another, made bargains with railroads that put rival operators under ruinous disadvantages, and altogether pursued policies of the most impudent daring, until finally he reached his goal and found himself possessed of millions, and controlling the greatest monopoly, perhaps, in the history of the world.

Almost simultaneously with those articles in the Toronto *Globe*, there appears in the New York *Evening* another article about Mr. Rockefeller. It is the report of a recent talk to the young men's Bible class of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church. It is described as a talk on the "duty of giving from one of the largest givers in the world." Celebrated as Mr. Rockefeller is as a giver, yet I think his fame as a getter is even more widespread, and while he was on his feet explaining his deep sense of the duty of giving, a great many people would have been pleased had he also proceeded to lay bare the experiences of his conscience in the work of amassing that immense fortune of which he has only given away a mere fraction. Surely the obligation to get money honestly is as vital a principle of Christianity as the duty of giving money to worthy causes. More than that, the duty of giving is conceded, while considerable doubt envelopes the whole subject of money-getting, so that few agree as to those methods which may be precisely divided as honest and dis-

and a further ten cents to the Foreign Missions. Those contributions, small as they were, brought me into direct contact with philanthropic work, and with the beneficial work and aims of religious institutions, and I have been helped thereby greatly all my life. It is a mistake for a man who wishes for happiness and to help others to think that he must wait until he has made a fortune before giving away money to deserving objects.

Let the reader, however poor he may have been all his life and however small his reputation as a money-maker and a money-giver, recollect whether there ever was a time when he gave less to churches and to charities than Mr. Rockefeller gave in his benevolent youth. What ordinary man would have kept a record of the coppers given to a Sunday school, or of the twelve cents sent up to a mission which was "believed to be in need of help," or the ten cents given to the poor of the church? What Canadian boy, brought up in a Christian home, has not dealt more generously with the poor, with the Sunday schools and with missions? The lesson to be drawn from Mr. Rockefeller's first ledger is not, as he sought to impress upon his class, that he, as a youth, was conspicuous for a love of giving, but rather that he was even then phenomenally endowed with the instinct of money-getting, and kept tab on every penny that entered his grasp and made each copper show its passport before leaving him. He gave coppers and dimes to good causes, yet he made his conscience give his pocket a receipt for every penny. I think there could be no sight more dramatically sad than to see this multi-millionaire standing up in a sacred place and employing in a religious office that strange first ledger.

Some of the ledgers used in Mr. Rockefeller's later career would be found to contain entries of much greater consequence to the world's

The story goes that in some of the Western States it was the common practice of some sharp men who compiled very large fortunes, to buy a mining claim, capitalize it at a large sum, sell a great many shares to that host of people in the East who dabbled a little in mining stocks, and, with the money so secured, proceed to develop the property. If the property proved to be valueless, the total loss was borne by the dilettante miners in the East who had never seen the property, for the real handlers of the mine were drawing salaries while engaged at the work. If, on the other hand, it became apparent that the property was of great value, the promoters skillfully set to work to freeze out the scattered shareholders whose money had opened up the mine. The gloomiest reports would be sent out, with calls for more money, and perhaps the tricksters would send around and buy up the shares at the price originally paid for them. Sometimes the mine would be openly abandoned, though privately guarded, but oftener some quicker scheme, such as seizure for debt and a forced sale, would be adopted, the promoters buying it in and getting a legal title.

In British Columbia we have our mining operations conducted a little too much after the Colorado model. In saying this I am not charging crookedness, but rather that the opportunities for the dishonest treatment of Eastern shareholders seem to be present if the sharpers and the rich mine come together. About a month ago one mine was seized at the instance of its manager on an over-due salary bill, sold and bought in by that manager. There is no reason to believe that this transaction was at all irregular, and I do not wish to be understood as even hinting that there

was anything improper about it, but my point is that if that seizure, and sale, and consequent shutting-out of shareholders occurred as reported in the press, it shows that under the present regulations shareholders could do in British Columbia what they did do in Colorado. It should not be possible. The possibility of such practices should at once be provided against. The *Canadian Miner* argues that in case of a forced or judicial sale of a mining claim, there should be "an equity of redemption, so that the mine if proven valuable in the future should pay its debts and afterwards revert to the stockholders." At all events, it seems reasonable to hold that it should be impossible to sell a mine without the consent of its shareholders. For the protection of investors and to guard the credit of Canadian enterprises abroad, it might be well to have Government inspection of mines, for it is not inconceivable that a group of outside swindlers might come into Canada and manipulate such a mining fake in the markets of London as would do the country incalculable harm.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick will not receive again this season, and a Wednesday rendezvous which had been of more than usual interest, in the anxiety felt by all to see the Lieutenant-Governor from time to time, must be marked off with many a regret.

The visit of the Quebec lady golfers, and their victory over our own matrons and maids, made the Toronto Golf Grounds the center of attraction on early days of the week. The visitors arrived and were luncheon by Mrs. Sweeney at the club house, and the president of the Golf Club was their host for dinner. The Montreal train was permitted to stop at the golf links and take on the victorious party. Fortunately the weather was very fine, and the links in very good condition. The Easterners were much admired in their smart golf costumes of red blouses and white skirts, and rightly so, as they were most picturesque. The lady golfers were: Misses Young, Cassels, Bond, White, Scott, I. Scott, Sewell, Schurtz and Mrs. Macdonald of the visiting party; Mrs. Vere Brown, Mrs. Sweeney, Mrs. Warner, the Misses Crombie, Miss Grace Boulton and Miss Bethune of the Toronto and Rosedale clubs.

The camp at Niagara will be a center of attraction next week. The Thirteenth are still quartered at Youngstown.

Regarding social matters in connection with the Yacht Club. It has now been settled that they are to observe Diamond Jubilee day, June 22, by opening the Island Club House, and giving a race for the Queen's Cup, to be started off the Queen's wharf, in the morning, open to yachts of all classes belonging to clubs in The Lake Yacht Racing Association. The bowling members have invited rinks from the various city clubs to join in a tournament to start at eleven a.m., and this will likely last through the afternoon. In the evening there will be a house dinner, to which it is hoped members will bring their lady friends, and afterwards there will be an informal dance. I think fine, warm weather is all that is wanted to make June 22 a memorable day for members of the Club.

Among the "dreams" in the way of costume which recur to me in thinking of Race week, is a gown worn by Mrs. Oliphant. Heavy white silk brocade with violets, and shot in yellow violet and green; the bodice *en bolero*, with vest veiled in yellow chiffon, the collar and belt to match, the latter folded through a large amethyst buckle. A black picture hat with Prince of Wales' feathers, and an exquisite bouquet of Dunlop's yellow roses tied with Seagreen colors, perfected this charming costume. A Paris gown in modish brocade was worn by Mrs. Forester, so quiet a fancy that only those well versed in "the what's-what," as a Frenchman put it, noticed its perfection. Another pretty gown was worn by Mrs. Charles E. Kyle, of green and mauve shot silk, with ivy-leaf bonnet.

Lots of people upon whom the glamor of the race course is yet strong, have taken the trip to Hamilton this week. Six coaches full went up on Tuesday, opening day; in fact, without Toronto the Hamilton races would have been a decided frost on that occasion. To-day, should fine weather rule, a good many parties are made up for the closing day of the Ambitious City's Race Meet.

Mr. George Carruthers, who was so badly smashed last Friday, is doing very well and will soon be about again.

Mr. and Mrs. Stead left this week for Ottawa, saying many nice things of Toronto and its inhabitants.

Mrs. Harry Totten has been away on a visit to relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville Merritt have leased their house to Mr. J. H. Macdonald and are at Mrs. Brodie's, in Rosedale.

Miss Alexandrina Ramsay's recital on Tuesday night at the Normal School was attended by a select audience, and the programme proved most interesting and artistic. Miss Ramsay looked very well and recited with much success, both dramatic and lighter pieces. Mrs. Charles Crowley sang very artistically and sweetly. Miss Birnie, that clever Collingwood girl, played excellently, and Miss Lena Hayes and Mr. Percival Parker completed the programme.

Not often does the funeral cortege of a soldier tread its sad and solemn way through Toronto's streets. On Tuesday afternoon the burial of Major James Baldwin caused many a regretful sigh for the good, true friend and brave man who was slowly drawn to his grave on the draped gun-carriage, wrapped in the flag he loved so loyally. There is a touch of pathos in such a funeral which none other can give. The sorrowful escort, the muffled music, the reversed arms, the trappings of the dead soldier piled on his flag-wrapped coffin, and most of all, the riderless horse walking mournfully behind his master's remains. That the charger knows what he follows needs no

telling; the drooping head and eloquent eyes of the noble brute were the finishing touch of pathos in Tuesday's cortege, and many are the regretful thoughts we, who knew and liked well the late major, send to his freshly turned grave. "Good old Jim!" say one and all, as they recall the honest and manly heart, the warm grip and the kindly voice of the tall guardsman as perchance they last saw him, in all the bravery of smart helmet and floating plume, at the military service last month or the opening of Parliament much further back in the season.

Sadder and more sudden deaths have never taken place in Toronto than have happened the last few weeks. One of the saddest was that of Mrs. Hugh MacLean, the young wife of Captain MacLean of the 48th Highlanders. Bright Bess Dyas, whose gentle, sweet face and artless manner always won her friends, it seems but yesterday that she stood a bride in the home in Widmer street and everyone wished her long and happy life. All that love and care could do had made her short life happy, and Captain MacLean and his sweet young wife had apparently many years of wedded happiness to anticipate together. They had just taken up their summer quarters at Center Island when death stepped in, unexpected, and the young wife has gone to join the little one who died recently in the same summer resort, leaving a wee baby of six months behind her. The warmest sympathy is with Captain MacLean in his sad affliction, for his friends are as many as his acquaintances.

Tuesday is calling day in St. George street, and an unpremeditated reception was held on Mrs. Hay's pretty lawn, when some ladies spied the twins out for an airing with their nurses. Primus and Secundus were duly adored, and indeed are very fine little chaps, and boys anyone might be proud of.

On next Saturday Miss Lucy Schroeder and Mr. Dyer of Westhope, Shropshire, are to be married in the Church of the Transfiguration, New York. Among the guests will be Mrs. Blackstock Downey, who left for New York this week.

The Misses Heintzman of Carlton street are visiting Miss Nickel of New York.

Dr. Sterling Ryerson sails for England and Jubilee high jinks to-day.

Mr. George Stimson leaves for England next week.

Invitations were sent out by Dr. and Mrs. Carlyle of 21 Maitland street for Monday afternoon, "to meet the Newspaper Guild" and other friends. I am told the gathering was most enjoyable and successful.

The marriage of Miss Edith Marion Dunn, eldest daughter of Ald. Jno. Dunn, and Mr. A. A. Fraser of Fraserville, Que., took place Tuesday, June 1. The bridesmaid was Miss Anna Wheeler, while Col. Prevost, A. D. C., of Montreal, brother-in-law of the groom, acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Fraser left on the early morning express for the East.

Miss Marion Glasco of Hamilton is the guest of Miss Oldright of Oakleigh. Miss Oldright is giving a bicycle party to-day for Miss Glasco.

The fashionable exodus to Niagara-on-the-Lake, most charming and picturesque of lakeside resorts, begins next Tuesday, when the Brigade Camp opens. The Queen's Royal Hotel opens on Saturday next, for which date the Knickerbocker Bicycle Club have arranged the annual outing, which last year was found so enjoyable. June is one of the most delightful months at old Niagara, and recognizing this fact the Queen's Royal is offering special inducements to visitors, not merely in rates, but in the enjoyment offered.

The engagement of Miss Anna Coldham and Mr. Arthur W. Barnard was announced last week.

Everyone who enjoys Dr. Stocks Hammond's music at St. James' will be glad to hear that the organist is still holding his own in a very serious illness.

Mrs. James Crowther and her family will return to Toronto from Cobourg next week.

On Thursday afternoon the Woodbine was charming—the only really warm day of the meet. A very distinguished little frock was worn by a St. George street maiden, of pale blue embroidered lawn, with vivid red ribbons and a shirred vest and revers bordered with silver passementerie. A blue parasol lined with red chiffon and a smart black hat completed a chic effect. Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith had with them on Thursday in their box Mrs. T. J. MacIntyre of 521 Huron street, looking very well.

A wedding which interests many Toronto people took place in Cobourg last Wednesday, when Mr. George Evans, so well known in Toronto smart circles, and Miss Maude Skill, the lovely daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Skill of Cobourg, were married. Miss Skill, on frequent visits to Toronto as the guest of Mrs. Armour, Mrs. Kerr Osborne and others, has been much admired and made many friends, a few of whom were at her wedding. The church was odorous and beautiful with white lilacs and crowded with friends when the bride was led in by her father, wearing a robe of white satin brocade and chiffon, with tulle veil and bridal wreath. That she was a picture in her bridal array it is not necessary to remark to anyone who has seen her, here or elsewhere. A bouquet of bride roses was her fragrant marriage nosegay. Miss Hilda Dumble, in white silk muslin over pink silk, and large white hat, was bridesmaid. Her bouquet was of pink carnations. A little sister of the bride acted as maid of honor in a pretty white frock and hat, and carrying a bouquet of ox-eye daisies. Mr. S. S. Small was best man. After an informal reception at the bride's former home, Mr. and Mrs. Evans left for the honeymoon and will, on their return to Toronto, reside in St. George street.

Mrs. Fitzgerald's tea for her sister, Mrs. Colt, last Friday, was a very pleasant and enjoyable affair. The guest of the afternoon was all

hearts and delighted all eyes by a charming manner and a distinguished and dignified appearance. Mrs. Colt is, *par excellence*, a woman of the world, cultured and handsome, and in her elegant home at Hartford, which looks like an English country seat, is a hostess warmly cherished and beloved by a host of friends. Everyone regretted not to have had more opportunity of enjoying her society, but her stay was unavoidably very short. A few of the ladies at the tea were: Mrs. and Miss Harman Brown, Mrs. Harold Jarvis, (nee Kerr), Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Henry Alley, Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Mrs. Edmund Jarvis, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Heaven, Mrs. Morang, Mrs. Gilmour, Mrs. Waterbury and others.

A vote of thanks was many times in order to the Grenadiers' Band, who added so much to the success of this O. J. C. May meeting.

Under the auspices of the United Empire Loyalists' Association there will be presented at the Grand Opera House, on June 17, 18 and 19, a drama by Catharine Nina Merritt, entitled When George III. was King.

Mr. and Mrs. Roddy Pringle will spend the season in Cobourg. Quite a number of Torontonians will do the same.

Miss Attrill, daughter of Bishop Attrill of Kansas City, has been visiting Miss Coldham of Madison avenue, and left town yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. Tyler attended the races on Saturday and left on Sunday evening for Toledo, and Miss Whittaker, Mrs. Tyler's sister, left on Tuesday. All were welcome guests at many merry gatherings.

A grand patriotic concert will be given at the Massey Music Hall, June 21. The patrons are: The Governor-General of Canada, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Sir Casimir Gzowski, A.D.C., Mrs. John Morrow, His Worship Mayor Fleming, and the City Council of Toronto.

Judge Street, Mrs. Street, and their family, have gone to England for the summer.

Miss Louise Burton of Oak Lodge has recently been very ill, but is now quite recovered.

On Friday and Saturday, June 11 and 12, a loan exhibition of valuable oil and water-color paintings will be held in the Rosedale school from one to seven and from nine to seven respectively. This should be a fashionable rendezvous, and is under the direction of the Ladies' League of School Art.

Mr. T. Arthur Beament and Miss Edith Louise Belford, both of Ottawa, were quietly married by Archdeacon Boddy in St. Peter's church this week. Miss Belford's wedding was to have been a gala day in the home of her dear friend, Mrs. Bendelari, and sorrow mingled with joy has crowned the popular little bride, who was so suddenly deprived of her hostess by the grim hand of death. Miss Belford's trousseau was turned out beautifully by Stitt, and she carries with her many hearty good wishes from Toronto friends.

On Thursday of last week Mr. Charles Wark, who is now studying with Miss Ada Hart, gave a piano recital at Niagara Falls, N. Y., assisted by Miss Ida McLean and Mrs. Warfield, a Buffalo elocutionist. The Niagara Falls papers speak most enthusiastically of Mr. Wark's playing.

One of those rare and interesting anniversaries, the golden wedding day, will dawn on Tuesday next for Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Miller of 213 Jarvis street. Mr. Hugh Miller is so well known as one of Toronto's oldest business men that nothing more than this mention is required to evoke congratulations from hundreds of friends, and the golden bride and groom will doubtless receive many a hearty good wish on Tuesday, when they will keep open house, though no invitations have been issued, for obvious reasons, when one considers their extensive acquaintance.

The Chamber Music Association are already completing their arrangements and negotiations for next season's good things. They have a concert on for October, and a splendid array of musical talent has been secured, both for that and succeeding concerts.

A very pleasant episode occurred last Sunday morning in the Metropolitan church. Just as the choir was about to sing the opening hymn the presence of Mr. Warkin Mills was observed in the audience. A look of mutual recognition passed between the distinguished artist in the audience and Mr. Torrington, whereupon Mr. Warkin Mills ascended the choir staircase and joined with that excellent choir, leading in one of the hymns as well as rendering a brilliant number from the oratorio of Elijah. In the evening the congregation of the Metropolitan church were again treated to an excellent selection.

Rev. George F. Sherwood of Bothwell and Thamesville was in the city last week.

Mrs. Stanger, formerly of Montreal, will be at Home to her friends at 26 Walmer road on Fridays.

Mrs. W. K. George has moved from 55 Isabella street to 99 Charles street.

Mrs. Clinch gave a pretty afternoon tea on Thursday in honor of her guest, Mrs. Clarence McCuaig. Needless to add that the cosy home in St. George street was a pleasant rendezvous at five o'clock.

A jubilee garden party to be held on June 19 is being engineered by the churchwardens and Ladies' Guild of the Church of the Messiah. The garden party takes place in Chestnut Park, the family seat of the late Sir David Macpherson, an ideal locality, both as to natural beauty and accessibility for such an affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hope left for Montreal this week. They were much missed from the tea at Sylvan Tower on Tuesday, Mr. Hope being unfortunately quite indisposed on that afternoon.

Mrs. Henry O'Brien's farewell tea for the bride-elect, Miss Mildred, was favored with lovely weather last Saturday, and the table was spread under those great trees which are so

much admired at the O'Brien homestead. Friends old and young, and of both sexes, crowded about the young lady who made her last appearance before her marriage. Miss Mildred wore a blue and white fougard gown and carried an exquisite bouquet of roses. The flower beds were beginning to look like summer, the birds were singing, and the guests were divided between admiration of the scene, pleasant chatter over various important affairs, and discussion of the delicious goodies which were so abundantly served. Mrs. and Miss O'Brien were here, there and everywhere, and Mr. O'Brien had also plenty to do in looking after the large number of guests. Heartiest of good wishes were showered upon the daughter so soon to take up the reins of government of a house of her own. The sun was low when the last guest said good-bye. Among those I saw on the lawn were: Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Provost and Mrs. Welch, Miss Mamie Fitzgerald, Mr. Thomas Hodgins, Mrs. Hoyle, Mrs. Sullivan, Miss Nora Sullivan, Mrs. Sutherland Stayner, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Forbes Whitney, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Davies, Mrs. Osler, Mrs. Casimir Gzowski and a great many others.

Mr. Alexander K. Drake and Mrs. Drake sail from New York to-day for England and the Continent.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander have leased Mr. James Crowther's summer residence in Cobourg for the season, and in that beautiful home Mrs. Alexander will, everyone hopes, regain more quickly health and spirits, which have been so severely strained by the constant attendance on her little ones during their illness, and the sad occurrence of the death of her fine little son.

The marriage of Mr. Catto and Miss Taylor, to which invited guests will be admitted by ticket, takes place at St. James's cathedral on Monday afternoon at three o'clock, with a reception afterwards at Florsheim, the bride's family residence in Jarvis street.

On next Tuesday evening, pupils of Mr. Haslam give a recital in St. George's Hall at a quarter past eight. A long array of sweet singers is on the programme, and a very high-class *musical* will be heard by *les invites*.

Crowds of people, chaperoned by a giant policeman, viewed the Jubilee casket at Ryrie's last week. It is a pretty wee thing, and Victoria may have more gorgeous but not daintier receptacles for hair-pins and odds and ends than the gift of her daughter, Canada. The various gazers made their characteristic comments. "She'll never see it, most likely," said a dispirited-looking, long-backed woman, whose mouth drooped dismally at the corners. "And why not?" asked a little red-haired man. "Is the poor old lady quite blind?" "She'll not care," added the first speaker in hopelessly woe-begone tones. "Not care? Faith she will!" cried an Irish voice. "Not look at it? Well, the Markiss o' Lorne will make her look at it, if he has to hold her nose!" decided a sturdy Scot, who knows the friends of Canada. And the idea of Victoria's wee, tiny nose in the hand of her son-in-law while Canada's casket was being presented, was too funny.

Of June weddings the list is ever a lengthening one. Miss Mildred O'Brien and Mr. Prince are the bride and groom at St. Paul's on the seventh, on which day Mr. Charles J. Catto and Miss Leila Alice Taylor will be married in St. James'. Miss Carrie Saunders and Dr. Ross are to be wedded on the ninth, Miss Constance Temple and Mr. Atkinson of Quebec are to be married on the fifteenth in St. James', and the same stately edifice will be the scene of the wedding of Miss Edith Mulock and Mr. McDowall Thomson on the following day.

Society at the Capital.

Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen leave this week for Richmond, P.Q., and go from there to Halifax, whence Lady Aberdeen will sail for England.

Miss Van Horne of Montreal is in town, the guest of Mrs. Edgar, who gave a *soiree musicale* last week in her honor.

Mrs. Sedgwick, wife of Mr. Justice Sedgwick of the Supreme Court, gave a most successful At Home on Saturday evening.

Lady Thompson of Derwent Lodge, Toronto, and the Misses Thompson return home this week. The Misses Thompson have been here since the opening of Parliament and have attended all the social functions of the season, both stately and gay, and are most popular at the capital.

Lady Schultz is visiting her sister, Mrs. Church.

Mrs. Cameron, wife of Major-General Cameron, who now resides in Montreal, is in town on a visit to her parents, Sir Charles and Lady Tupper. Lady Tupper's health is now quite restored and she is able to be at Home to her friends on Monday afternoon. Mrs. Dobell, Mrs. Fielding and Miss Mowat also receive on that day; in fact, it is the "Cabinet" day, the only exception being Mrs. Scott, wife of the Secretary of State, who, living on Sandy Hill, has always been at Home on Thursdays.

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PUBLIC LECTURE By Mr. Frank Hotchkiss Osborn
Of the School of Vocal Science, New York
MONDAY, 8 p.m.
At Messrs. R. S. Williams, Son & Co., 143 Yonge St.

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Social and Personal.

The final day of the O. J. C. Races was an ideal one, as far as weather and attendance went. Coaching parties, box parties, little merry cliques who came by the noisy and far from snug street cars, groups whose knickers and short-skirted skirts spoke of the swift wheel, for be it understood that it was the correct caper this year to vary one's mode of transportation, and on one day the man and the woman drove in state in the family barouche; on another they were part of a brilliant group on a four-in-hand coach; for dull days and quiet garb they bundled into the street cars, and yet again they took a run out, on an "off" day, on their wheels, a nice break in the monotony of the everlasting drive, which becomes tedious when taken every day for six afternoons. On Saturday it was positively hard to say good evening to the bright scene—the lake blue as blue could be; here and there a yacht skimming away off in the distance; the tender young green of trees and sward, fresh after Friday's rain storm; the golden glow of the sinking sun; the parti-colored crowd, like an animated flower-garden, streaming westward through the narrow gates. Yes, the Race week of '97 has been a Jubilee holiday, with a dull day to set off six fair ones, and a Sunday good enough to take in the rain. The races were happily without a contretemps on the last day, though on Friday the accident to Mr. Carruthers, resulting in a broken rib and collar bone, and a miraculous escape from a broken neck, was a decided damper on the fun of many friends. There were some very smart gowns worn by well known persons, but most of them had been seen before. Miss Maude Hendrie's striking rose silk frock, opening over a lace fan, and having a white silk blouse bodice, was a smart affair. A pretty little lady was Mrs. Jean Blewett of Blenheim, whose graceful writings have adorned many a magazine and newspaper page for years back, and who wore a lady-like green frock braided with black, and vest of pleated chiffon and lace over white satin. Mrs. Hendrie wore black velvet and English hat with mauve flowers. Mrs. Cattanauch wore a tailor-made gown. Mrs. Harrison wore black. Mrs. Harry Patterson wore a navy-blue gown and hat. A pretty figure in deep blue was Miss Violet Langmuir, with a cornflower-wreathed sailor-hat. Miss Seymour wore a light frock with fawn cloth coat, and that pretty chapeau in white and green which suits her so exactly. Mrs. Bruce Williams came out on the box seat of the Fort drag, and Colonel Otter drove. In the drag were Mrs. and Miss Buchanan, Mrs. FitzGibbon, Mrs. Otter and several others. Several smart little frocks were worn by Mrs. Forester on the days of the race week, one, whispering of Paris, being very pretty indeed. Another over-flowing coach party was given by the Messrs. Sengram, and Mr. Hay, with the usual dinner afterwards at the Hunt Club House. The coach started from the Rossin about half-past one, and very jolly everyone looked. Among the party, I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. E. Strachan Cox, Mrs. and Miss Leverich, Miss Evelyn Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Miss Melvin-Jones, Dr. and Mrs. Newman, Mr. Harry Hay and Major and Mrs. Cosby.

Miss Chip Blackburn and Mademoiselle Clemence Vanden Broeck have been staying with Mrs. George Allen Case. Miss Blackburn has been an invalid and missed all the gay doings, but the jolly little artist from Belgium, with her merry voice and Bohemian costume, was often seen. She went to Brussels this week, and before leaving London was presented by the Art Association there with a very fine watch, suitably inscribed, and a neat gold chain attached.

A funny little story drifted my way to-day. The advent of a pair of sturdy little boys in a certain family circle made a step-grandmother anxious lest, like Buttercup, the nurse should "mix those babies up." Consequently the grandmammy had two little silver tags made and engraved "Primus" and "Secundus," and securely fastened somewhere about the small anatomies of the eight and nine-pounders. And now those little boys will know who's who, and no danger of mistake. A friend suggests that as they were born on the anniversary of Batoche, in which battle their father was an active participant, the wee boys should be distinguished by a "middle name" in that connection, which isn't half a bad idea. The names of the Crimean fights were perpetuated in countless Almas, and so on, and Batoche, in spite of its rhyming possibilities, is a handsome name.

Mrs. Becher gave a very large tea for Mrs. Ozden Jones on Tuesday afternoon, at which a pleasant spirit of intimacy and a perfectly golden afternoon were combined for the happiness of all invited. The bride was quietly crowned in embroidered cerise grass-linen over green glass silk, and wore a small toque with some violets thereon. Mrs. Becher's house party included Mrs. Edward Harris of London, who has been staying for the past week at Sylvan Tower; Miss Merritt of St. Catharines, and Miss Macklem. The mistress of the house, that little lady who seems never to tire of giving pleasure to her wide and appreciative circle, was, as usual, brighter and more apparently unfatigued at the close of the reception than any of the party. Mrs. T. C. Street Macklem, looking a picture in a dainty gown and hat, was busy greeting and being welcomed by her many friends after many months' absence in England. The large drawing-room and reception-room were crowded, and the dining-room, where Webb served a very bountiful buffet, was a reminiscence of the mid-winter crush. People were in high good humor, and the brave man who devoted an hour to the service of dames found his hands full and his ears deafened by dozens of conflicting currents of conversation. Mrs. Stead of Ottawa was a welcome guest, and Mrs. Jean Blewett was quite a little lion, everyone being charmed to have a word with her. Miss May Hamilton, who has just returned from her studies in New York, was also greeted by many friends. Outside, the bosky dells and velvet lawns of Sylvan Tower (from which I am careful to omit that final "s," which the namer of the beautiful pile assures me has been tacked on quite without reason), were tempting to distraction, but so pleasant was the gathering within doors that only a few found

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The booklet is the work of the Grip Company, and is in itself a work of art. The price being only ten cents per copy, it will enable everyone who is interested to send a full description of Toronto's tribute to friends who have been unable to see the casket itself.

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time to stroll about on the emerald turf. Among the ladies and gentlemen present I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Miss Mae Jarvis, adorably pretty in a quaint big hat, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jarvis (and it was quite a treat to see Mrs. Jarvis out again), Miss Edith Jarvis, in a lovely pink frock and most becoming hat; Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, the Misses Hamilton, Professor, Mrs. and Miss Hirschfelder, Mrs. Fuller and Miss Rosamond Fuller, Mrs. E. B. Osler, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Kirkpatrick, Rev. Ernest and Mrs. Wood, Mrs. and Miss Trixie Hoskin, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mullins, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Atkins, Miss Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Galt, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Wood, Mrs. Stratford, Mrs. Sutherland Stayner, Miss Sydney Tully, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mrs. Rowan Kertland, Miss Kertland, Mrs. Douglas Burns, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Crooks, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Yarker, Mrs. and Miss Searth, the Provost of Trinity and Mrs. Welch, Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Mrs. Burton, Mrs. Foster, Miss Florrie Hodgins, Mrs. Nattrass, Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. Buchan, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Miss Constance Meredith, Mr. Harry Totten, Miss Rutherford, Mrs. and Miss Langtry, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Drayton, Mrs. Willie Moore, Rev. J. Heathcote and Mr. Charles Fleming.

Many friends were glad to see the sweet face of Mrs. Macoun again after a serious illness. Mr. and Mrs. Macoun leave very soon on a three months' trip.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Mr. A. H. Young of Trinity University to Miss Elizabeth Lundy, daughter of the late Mr. L. S. Lundy of Lundy's Lane.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Gilmour are again at the Queen's, after a two months' enjoyable outing in the balmly South.

Mr. E. Ross Lozier of Cleveland, Ohio, is at present visiting in Toronto as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Goddard, 86 Avenue road.

The wedding of Dr. R. J. Wade and Miss Lillie Webb of Charles street will take place on Wednesday, June 16.

Miss Maud Carruthers is visiting Detroit as the guest of Judge and Mrs. Chambers.

Miss Mary B. Sanford, a clever Canadian journalist now in New York, is bringing out her new book, Romance of a Jesuit Mission, this week. Miss Sanford's Canadian friends will be interested in hearing of and perusing this new work.

Professor Leigh Gregor of Montreal has been spending a few weeks in town, the guest of Mrs. Stratford in Orde street.

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THE SEARED BROW BY DUFFIELD OSBORNE...

AN IMPOSSIBLE STORY OF THE NORTH POLE.

"I ran across him in March of 1881 in the Royal Infirmary at Glasgow," said Dr. Lindsay. "It was certainly the most interesting case I have ever had, and, were it not for the patent conceit involved in such an assertion, I would go so far as to term it the most remarkable that has ever come into the practice of any physician."

"Why don't I write it up? Well, I'll give you the facts and let you answer that question for yourself."

At that time I was one of the visiting staff at the infirmary. I had studied in Paris with Charcot and had made something of a specialty of nervous disorders. There was a young house-surgeon named McLeod, with whom I became quite intimate, largely because I found that he liked to go further into his cases than do most hospital attaches, and I had asked him once to be sure to notify me if anything unusual in my line should turn up.

Well, on the night of which I am going to tell you, I was preparing to retire and had about half undressed. It was after ten and I had had a hard day.

Suddenly my night-bell rang violently. Throwing on my coat and trousers again, I hurried to the door and opened it, to find one of the infirmary porters standing outside.

"What is it, Sandy?" I asked, in some surprise; for the visiting staff are not usually rung up at night for hospital cases.

"Please, sir," said he, "Dr. McLeod told me to ask you to step around—that he had what he thought y'd like."

I knew that McLeod would not have sent such a message without reason, so, after hurrying on a few clothes in more permanent shape, I started.

It must have been nearly eleven o'clock when I reached the infirmary and McLeod met me at the door of his room.

"Come in a minute," he said. "It's a cold night and a hot drink won't hurt you."

"What is it?" I asked, sitting down, while he poured the hot water into my glass.

"Well," said he, "it's a man who was brought in here at half-after nine—a seafaring man, I should judge. Anyhow, he came off a whaler that's just in port after a three years' cruise in the Arctic."

"What's the matter with him?"

"I don't know. Come and see if you do."

I followed McLeod into one of the private wards.

"I put him in here," said the interne, "because—well, because I thought it was worth while."

In a moment I was deep in my examination, and, from the first glimpse I had of the patient as he tossed restlessly on his cot, I realized that it was the case of my life—of the lives of a thousand men.

He was a young fellow—not over thirty, I am sure; though his hair, mustache and beard were snowy white. His face wore a curious expression, which, though set in almost rigid lines, seemed to shift from time to time in its interpretation. At one moment I read dazed astonishment, at another terror, at another awe, and yet again the look was one that, while it froze the blood in my veins, could be attributed to no sentiment with which I was familiar. The man was not what you could call delirious, and I am sure he was not insane; but it was quite evident, upon a very superficial examination, that his nerves had received a shock that made him to all intents and purposes irresponsible. Beyond this, I could find no pathological condition.

I have omitted as yet to mention one thing—a broad, deep scar that stretched across his forehead from temple to temple and seemed to have gone down to the frontal bone. It did not appear to be wholly the result of either a burn or a cut, though it showed characteristics of both. Perhaps it can best be described as such a scar as might have been left from the slash of a sword that had been heated red-hot. For the rest it was quite evident that the wound was at least six months old and that it had healed very cleanly, considering how serious it must have been. I also took occasion to satisfy myself that the skull had not been injured in the least.

When I had finished my examination, I turned to McLeod.

"A case of profound shock to the nerve centers," I said, "with perhaps a cerebral lesion and—possibly connected with that scar. I will stop in in the morning and see what more I can make out."

"I don't think he'll be alive by morning," said the interne. "That's the reason I sent for you to-night."

I examined the man again and more carefully. Then I said:

"Really, I see no ground for immediate apprehension."

"Wait till one of the paroxysms comes on," replied McLeod.

"Have you talked with him?" I asked.

"No," he said, with an odd emphasis, "but he's talked, and I've listened till I don't quite know whether I'm sane or not."

Almost as my companion spoke the man on the cot straightened himself out with every cord and muscle absolutely rigid. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets and he threw up his hands as if to ward off some impending blow. At the same moment his lips began to move, while from them came words, hurried yet disconnected, like the babbling of a child.

"Gone—gone—yes, all gone and dead. What's the use o' throwin' 'em overboard? They're froze stiff enough an' they're more company. North: That's the way we're bound—me and the dead men; an' the pack an' the drift are doin' all the work—Say, mister, mebbe that beant a good un on the pack an' the drift. Oh! yes, I know how to take reckonin'. Ye can't fool me. I'm further north now than any live man's been, an' I'm agoin' to the Pole." His voice rose to a shriek as he uttered the last words. Then,

after a brief silence, he resumed his babbling tone: "An open Polar sea is it?—an' mebbe I don't know as how it's open—that's when ye get far enough to find it—get through th' ice wall that God's built. Ice feels a bit like fire, don't it?"

He paused here, leered at us cunningly, and continued:

"Mebbe ye don't think God built it, and mebbe again ye don't know why He done it. The learnin' men don't know everything—they don't, but I know more than all on 'em. Yes, an' more than the Bible folks, either."

At this point the patient began to mumble indistinctly and we had to bend close to catch his words.

"Yes, yes; there do be an open Polar sea—there do be one, sure enough; an' I've been on it an' crossed it—me and the dead men when we come out o' the ice—an' I had to throw 'em overboard, one by one, for they thawed out—that's what they done in the open Polar sea. Mebbe ye don't believe they thawed out there?" and he raised his voice again, glaring at us defiantly.

"The most natural thing in the world, my good man," said I soothingly, at the same time placing my hand upon his forehead and exerting myself in a way which I have sometimes found to produce a semi-hypnotic effect on certain patients. It seemed to have an influence in the present case; for the man grew calmer almost immediately, and hitching himself over nearer to the side of the cot, turned toward me an enquiring glance. Then, after a pause, he said in slower and quieter tones:

"In the beginnin' the stars revolved in a tholiform manner." That's Diogenes Laertius. Mebbe ye never read him?"

To say that I was astonished at such an apparent sign of erudition, would be putting it mildly; though I hardly imagined that the remark meant more than the disconnected wanderings of a mind that had run across more or less queer learning—a not unusual thing among the laboring classes of the lowland Scotch, among whom I placed my patient.

"There shall be no night there—do ye mind that?" he went on, still eying me closely and with anything but the look of a delirious man. A shade of apparent disappointment crossed his face as he peered into what must have been the blankness of mine. Then, drawing himself still closer, he said:

"Mebbe ye never read th' Avista where it says—look how I remember it now: 'O Maker o' the material world, thou Holy One! What lights are there in the Vara which Yima made? Vara, I take it, bein' the garden an' Yima a sort o' heathen Adam. An' here's what Aluno Mazda answered: 'There are uncreated lights an' created lights. There the stars, the moon an' the sun, are only once a year seen to rise an' set, an' a year seems only a day.' There, sir, ain't I a memory for a seafarin' man?" and he fell back upon the cot and eyed me with a look of undisguised triumph.

As for me, astonishment was still my controlling sensation, but through it all I began to imagine that I saw a gleam of light—strange, weird and inconceivable. As luck would have it, I happened to know that the Avista was the book that contained the ancient Iranian theology, though I had never been ambitious enough to try to examine it. My hand still rested upon the patient's brow and perhaps that prompted me to ask, casually:

"How did you get that wound, my good man?"

The triumphant look on his face faded into an expression of unutterable awe, and I found myself shivering almost before he answered:

"Th' angel o' the Lord."

That answer decided me. The man was undoubtedly insane, and, as if to confirm my diagnosis, he burst out the next moment into another tirade of words.

"Yes; through the ice wall—through an' through it, an' the Lord only knows why He let us through—me and the dead men, only the dead men didn't matter. They couldn't eat o' the tree, but I could an' landed clear an' free at the gate o' the garden an' I seen it all, with the flowers a-growin' an' the trees an' the gold fruit in the branches, an' then he come—"

"Who?" I asked, breathless.

"Th' angel, o' course; an' I heard him call out like the thunder an' the fire was a-flashin' in his hand an' then I felt it over me eyes an' down I goes—oh! Ye don't know no other man, I vow, what's been slashed wi' th' sword o' an angel an' lived to tell o' it; say now, do ye, sir?"

I quieted him as well as I could, and McLeod and I took turns watching till morning. We said little to each other, but when the day broke I think my companion was surprised to find that the patient appeared to be no worse. He lay very quiet now and had not attempted to speak for several hours.

A little later I looked at my watch. Then I arose.

"Not going, are you?" asked McLeod.

"Yes," said I, "but not for long. I'm going to stop at Ferguson's to ask him to make my calls to-day. I'm going down to find this man's ship and learn what I can of the history of the case. He'll be alive all right when I get back," I added, noting McLeod's look of doubt.

My companion said nothing, however, being unwilling perhaps to hazard another adverse opinion in view of his first error on the subject. I caught Ferguson and arranged matters with him. Then I got a bite of breakfast and proceeded to find the ship from which the infirmary register showed that my patient had come, an American whaler named the Harpoon, that had touched for supplies.

This was not a long job, and introducing myself to the captain, I soon found myself in his cabin with a steaming glass before me. He was apparently a man of good education and divined my errand even before I stated it.

"I wish I could tell you more," he said, "but as far as we are concerned, the yarn's a short

one. On June 28 of last year we were in latitude seventy-five degrees, thirty minutes north, and about twenty miles off the east coast of Greenland, when the lookout reported a small boat with something looking like a man's body lying across the thwarts. I gave orders to change the course, and sure enough, 'that's what it was, and, to make a long story short, we found he was alive and got him aboard. Oddly enough, he did not seem to have been on short allowance, let alone starved; and there wasn't a mark on him but that queer slash across his brow, which I don't know whether it was a burn or a cut. It evidently hadn't bled much, and it wasn't over two days old, I should judge. Well, as I said, we got him aboard, brought him to, and tried to make him comfortable and get his yarn; but, Lord bless you sir, there wasn't any reason in his talk. He jest raved about ice walls, and open Polar seas, and angels, and flaming swords, and all that sort of stuff. The only thing that we could get connectedly was that he'd belonged to a ship that had been lost in the ice up Baffin's bay, which was a lie, seeing that we found him on the other side of Greenland in one of his ship's boats."

"Did the boat have any name on it?" I asked.

"Yes—'Melpomene'; but I never heard of such a ship."

Well, there was nothing for it but to thank the captain and get back to the infirmary. On the way, however, it occurred to me to stop in at Lloyd's agency and find out if they had any knowledge of such a vessel as the Melpomene. The result was all that I could have hoped for, being as follows:

"'Melpomene'—whaling bark—New Bedford, Mass., U.S.A. Spoken, June 10, 1883, by ship John McPherson, of Glasgow—Reported ice-bound. Latitude eighty degrees fifteen minutes north, longitude seventy degrees ten minutes west. Crew refused assistance. Captain of John McPherson reports sudden movement of pack northward within ensuing twelve hours and narrow escape of his ship. Entertains grave fears of safety of Melpomene."

"Let me see," said I to the clerk who had attended me, "is there nothing later? This entry is a year old, and have you no other Melpomene on your list?"

He glanced at his index, and then at the entry again.

"No," said he, "that seems to be all. There is hardly a doubt but that the bark was lost. I hope you had no interest in her, sir?"

I answered vaguely, thanked him and hurried out into the street, for my mind was full of the strange conflict of evidence which the facts disclosed. I knew enough Arctic geography to place eighty degrees north almost at the southern entrance to Kennedy's channel, and for any ship, or boat, or man to get from there around Cape Farewell and up to latitude seventy-five degrees off the east coast of Greenland in eighteen days was simply impossible. Besides, the Melpomene was being carried north when last seen. I could conceive of no reconciling hypothesis, and yet the conflicting testimonies were incontrovertible. In this frame of mind I reached the infirmary and found McLeod where I had left him, by the patient's cot.

The condition of the latter did not seem to have changed materially. Perhaps the pulse was a shade weaker, save on the other hand he was quiet, but for a slight nervous twitching, and had been so ever since I left.

I now came to that part of my story which I look back upon with more or less self-reproach. That my conduct was professional in the highest sense of the word, I am often driven to doubt, however much I try to justify myself by the argument that a better knowledge of the history of the case was indispensable to its safest treatment. When I am most frank, however, as is the case to-night, I am driven to admit that the prime motive of my final attempt to hypnotize my patient was an overmastering curiosity, and all that can be alleged in extenuation is that I hardly expected to be successful in an experiment in which I had never fully succeeded, that none of my former attempts had been attended with the slightest unfortunate result, and that I had no earthly reason to anticipate any in the present case.

In fact, I think I may honestly say that when I placed my hand upon the sick man's brow, as I had previously done with a markedly soothing effect, I had no definite intention of attempting to get him under psychic control. Everything that followed may be said to have been simply the drift of events.

As before, my influence seemed to quiet the patient. The nervous twitches ceased gradually, and, within a minute after contact, his regular breathing denoted a peaceful and natural sleep.

I suppose my mind, full as it was of the information gleaned through the morning, may have expressed in its own subtle language a desire for the knowledge it craved. Be that as it may, I was startled a moment later by the patient's rolling his head slowly from side to side as if to escape my touch, while at the same instant he spoke in drowsy tones that seemed to come from a great distance.

"Do not trouble me. I do not know how to tell it. I cannot understand."

It was here that my error, if error it were, took shape. Surprised at words that surely evidenced the hypnotic state, I at once exerted myself to the full, and a few passes with my free hand seemed to overcome all resistance.

"But you must tell me," I said. "It is necessary for me to know in order to treat you properly."

"What shall I tell?" he asked, in the same dull tones.

"Where was your ship when she was caught in the ice?"

"Near Kennedy's channel."

"When was that?"

"I do not remember. Last year—June, I think."

He was speaking now with no shadow of a dialect, which I took to indicate that he had been born of parents who talked good English, and that his speech of the night before, which I confess had somewhat puzzled me, had been merely the result of long association with rough seafaring men of different nationalities.

"In what direction were you carried?" was my next question.

"North."

"How far?"

"To the Pole."

For a moment I almost lost control of him from sheer astonishment. Then I gathered



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myself for the next question.

"How do you know?"

"I took the observation at eighty-nine degrees thirty-eight minutes north and—"

"Where were your captain and officers?" I asked, foolishly interrupting him in my excitement.

"Dead and overboard. They all starved and froze when we drifted through the ice-wall—all but the second mate, and he went crazy when he saw the rift in the wall close behind us. He came at me with a capstan-bar and I had to kill him. He'd have lived and killed me if I hadn't. We were in the open sea then and it was warm."

"And you reached the Pole?"

"Yes."

"What did you find there?"

"The place where men first lived. What else means the tradition of every ancient race—that their fathers came from the north? Where did the earth cool first? Where was it first habitable? Where else do the stars revolve 'in a tholiform manner,' and where else does 'the sun set only once a year,' and 'a year seem only a day?' You are blind—blind, all of you."

Trembling with excitement I put my next question:

"But what did you see?"

For the first time since I had begun to question him, he hesitated and seemed to struggle against my influence, writhing under my hand, while the perspiration stood out in beads upon his face. I, for my part, was now fully absorbed in my effort and labored with all my force to subdue him. At last the answer came, but in a way that showed that he had in part escaped me and that his brain was acting, in a measure at least, upon its own impulse.

"How can I tell what I saw? It was trees and flowers, and gold fruit, and all hazy with summer and birds, and butterflies and bright light."

"Did you go among the trees?"

His voice rose to a shriek, as it had once before, and he cried out:

"Go among them, man! It was Paradise—Eden! The tree o' life was there and th' angel with the flamin' sword—Do ye see the mark on me brow? That's where he smote me when I tried to go in—for I didn't care if I lived or not; an' then the Harpoon's men picked me up—an' they say as how it was down the east coast, which I don't rightly understand."

"Eden—at the north pole?" I ejaculated, reverting for an instant to my insanity theory.

"Yes, that's where it was, and that's where it is, an' if ye don't believe me I'll go back and show it ye all. Will ye go with me now—back to th' Garden o' Eden—which I've been to an' seen an' where I'll go again—Will ye go? Are ye man enough to go?—O Gawd!"

The last words came out in a yell that rang through the infirmary from foundation to roof. As nearly as I can tell you, what happened was this—and it happened all at once. I felt a pain

as of fire shoot through the hand that lay upon the man's forehead. Instinctively I jumped back while, at the same moment and as the thrilling cry burst from his lips, he bounded upright in the bed and then fell backward.

The agony in my hand passed as quickly as it had come, and I turned at once to my patient. He was stone dead, while across his brow from temple to temple the healed scar was again a gaping wound such as might have been made by the stroke of a sword heated red-hot.

THE END.

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A large movement, originating in Scotland and spreading to other parts of the United Kingdom, has for its object the abolition of the use of the terms "England" and "English" for "Britain" and "British." Many numerous signed petitions are preparing for presentation to Queen Victoria, praying her to decree that this change shall be made in all official language.

SIMPLE TOOLS.

A piece of string, a little sand and a little grease seem somewhat inadequate tools with which to cut in two an iron bar two inches in diameter. Yet this was the feat accomplished by five convicts in India, who thus effected their escape from gaol. Experiments made afterwards by the officials showed that five hours was sufficient time for the task.

THE SIZE OF THEIR HATS.

Mr. Gladstone requires a hat of the size of 7½, exactly Lord Macaulay's measurement. Lord Beaconsfield wore a hat of 7 inches. The Prince of Wales's hat is of the same size. Charles Dickens, the late Lord Selborne, and Mr. John Bright wore hats of 7½ size. The late Earl Russell wanted an eighth more. Charles Dickens's hat would have been too small for Thackeray by half an inch. An illustrious man of recent times who took a small hat was Dean Stanley, for whom 6½ sufficed. For his friend Dr. Thomson, Archbishop of York, a hat of full 8 inches diameter was necessary.

THE UNCONQUERED RABBITS.

Rabbits are a plague in some parts of Australia. The Government of New South Wales has spent altogether \$4,200,000 in efforts to exterminate the rabbits, but they remain, more numerous than ever.

THE GREATEST CANADIAN TRAVELER.

It would be interesting to know which railroad conductor or engineer in Canada has covered the greatest number of miles in his work. A conductor on the Great Western Railway in England has just been given a purse of one hundred guineas for being the greatest traveler in the world, having in his regular occupation covered 4,000,000 miles in forty years as a trainman. We should be glad to hear from any railroader with regard to the estimated number of miles covered by him in his life, or the average miles traveled now per annum by him.

HIS SLIM CHANCE.

The Emperor of Germany stands twenty-first in the direct line of succession to the British throne. Some of the newspapers of the United States seem to think that under the monarchical system one king might chance to get two thrones, like those of Great Britain and Denmark, for instance, but such a thing is impossible.

DON'T TRY IT ON A GOOD HORSE.

A horse can live twenty-five days without solid food, merely drinking water; seventeen days without either eating or drinking; and only five days when eating solid food without drinking.

SOME SUNDAY STATISTICS.

The average attendance at places of worship in England and Wales is computed to be between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000 persons. There is a place of worship for every 500 individuals, taking the country all through, and a stated minister for every 700. About 80,000 sermons are preached every Sunday nowadays.

SOME FATAL FIRES.

The terrible fire in Paris and the great loss of life which it has caused recalls some similar disasters. Perhaps the most terrible occurrence of the kind in comparatively recent years was that at Vienna, when the Ring Theater caught fire. On that occasion no fewer than 147 persons lost their lives. Paris itself ten years ago was the scene of a similar disaster to that at Vienna. There was an outbreak at the Opera Comique, and nearly a hundred people perished. Nice and several other Continental centers have also witnessed calamities of the kind, although on a less extensive scale. There was a terrible panic at a music hall in Sunderland, England, some years ago, and many children were crushed to death. Then there was the fire at the Exeter Theater Royal in 1887, when the Roman Rye was being performed. From all parts of the house except the gallery the spectators soon made their escape, but the one gallery exit was so densely blocked that no fewer than 130 persons were either burned, suffocated, or trampled to death.

A DIAMOND WEDDING.

Mr. and Mrs. Pigott of Mount Dennis, York county, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding on Monday, May 21. There has been some dispute as to whether the sixtieth anniversary or the seventy-fifth should be called the diamond wedding. This will, no doubt, be permanently settled by the fact that the celebrations of this year will be called the Diamond Jubilee.

A CENTENARIAN.

There died in Toronto, on Saturday, May 29, Hannah Priest, aged 100 years.

HOW TORONTO DRAWS POPULATION.

Everybody knows that in the past ten years Toronto has greatly increased her population at the expense of the towns and villages of the province. The St. Mary's Journal well illustrates this point by publishing a list of names filling one and a half columns of the paper and representing one hundred and ninety-seven persons who have been contributed by St. Mary's to the population of Toronto. No doubt an equally large list could be made up by any other town of St. Mary's size. Several well known Torontonians are claimed by the Journal as products of that town, among others: Principal Caven, Mr. Timothy Eaton, Mr. J. J. Crabbe of the Evening Star, Dr. Brown of Church street, Dr. Fotheringham of Carlton street, Dr. Andrew Gordon of College street, Dr. G. Gordon of Spadina avenue, Mr. J. E. Hodgson (High School Inspector), Mr. J. B. McLellan (School of Pedagogy), Dr. J. Sneath, Rev. J. B. Turnbull, Dr. W. B. Thistle of McCaul street, and about twenty bank clerks and university men.

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS MARRIED.

On Monday, May 31, Mr. and Mrs. James Gal-

A Pertinent Enquiry.



"Heah me, young fellah, heah! Do you want a job?"
"Wat yer want me to do? Carry yer accent for yer!—Bazar."

An Improvement in Preaching.

A Bystander in the Weekly Sun.

The Bystander ventured to say that the clergy of our generation are better preachers than any that have gone before them. Some people seem to think that, on the contrary, the pulpit has declined. They may depend upon it that they are under an illusion. It is not the pulpit that has declined, it is the intelligence of the hearer that has risen and demands of the preacher more than it ever did before. It was not difficult to satisfy the uneducated hearers, to whom the simplest truths of religion were new. It is very difficult to satisfy a congregation well educated, quick-witted, and always demanding something new, original and striking of its pastor. The wonder is, not that sermons are no better than they are, but that they are as good as they are. If a literary man were called upon to produce two essays a week upon one class of subjects, the fountain of his ideas would very soon run dry. Besides, we judge of past generations by the sermons which have come down to us; and the sermons which have come down to us are sure to include the best and, on the whole, to be far above the average mark of the day. A preacher at the present day is expected to be a master of pulpit eloquence, as well as a source of spiritual life, while his pay is hardly above that of a mechanic.

Many a Young Man.

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For Saturday Night.

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How welcome your fragrance to me,
How delightful the pathway at noontime
As it winds by the rose budding tree.
How fondly I dream by its bushes,
Sweet dreams of the days yet to be,
Till my heart all with happiness gushes
In a floodtide of melody.

So sweetly the wild birds are singing,
The woods might be fairyland bowers;
So thickly the roses are springing,
The earth is a garden of flowers.
O! June, in thy loveliness smiling,
Surpassingly fair is thy face,
Life seems as a vision beguiling,
In the tender light of thy grace.

The dreams we had buried forever
Come back with the roses of June,
And the waters of life's rushing river
Glide like a song in tune.

O! words cannot picture the gladness
That glows in the bright June days,
When never a shadow of sadness
Darkens life's rose-tinted ways.

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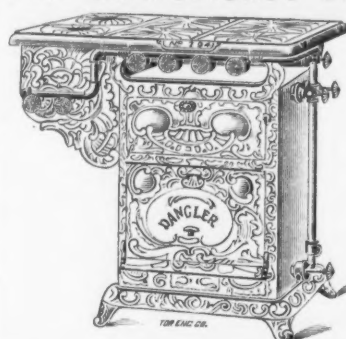
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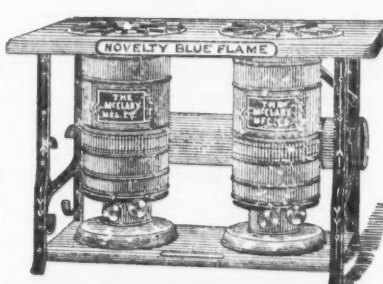
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Some Gossip from Europe.

RUMOR has it that the Duke of Leeds will be the next Governor-General of Canada, and it may interest some of your readers to know that the Duchess of Leeds is one of the foremost of the titled dames who have the literary fever. The Countess of Aberdeen is that way inclined, and it seems that Canada is to have another titled lady whose hobby it is to write magazine articles and compile material for future books. In fact, the ordinary young lady has small chance in London of getting articles published in the press. The Princess Christian, the Princess of Pless, and the Duchess of Leeds have made it fashionable for ladies of title to write essays, sketches and stories of travel, and the smaller fry among the titled dames follow after, so that it is almost impossible for a gifted nobody to get a start in literature. Apart from Marie Corelli, "John Strange Winter" and a few others, none can make headway against the social celebrities. The Duchess of Leeds will probably regard a sojourn in Canada as a great literary opportunity, but whether the social and official life of Ottawa can support the continued strain is a point on which I can venture no opinion. [The latest despatches state that the Duke of Leeds will not succeed the Earl of Aberdeen.]

The fourth drawing-room was exceedingly brilliant, and was in many respects a record one, not only by the number of presentations, but from the presence of numerous Canadian, American and Colonial ladies. Dresses were extremely smart and uniformly pretty; embroidery was in great favor, and the floral trimmings of dresses seemed to compete with the fashionable hand bouquets—combination colors of pink roses and carnations, and white lilac and lily-of-the-valley. The display of priceless old lace in flounces on trains was marvelous. Perhaps in the crowd of great ladies no more attractive sight was to be witnessed than the group of Lady Fanny Lambert and her eight daughters.

George R. Sims published a bit of doggerel in one of the papers a few days after the Paris fire, and those few lines are arousing an interest more pronounced than we may expect the poet laureate to produce when he gives us his final great Jubilee ode. The lines were not written by Mr. Sims, who is not a bad hand at doggerel himself, but were reproduced from Old Moore's Almanac, published years ago, and are taken as a prophecy of the Paris disaster. Old Moore seems to have hit the thing very well. A writer in another London paper recalls that Charles Dickens firmly believed that prophecy concerning himself had come true. In Lady Blessington's drawing-room he had been told by a pupil of the famous Madame Lenormand, who had prophesied to Josephine de Beauharnais that she would be Empress. The pupil warned the great novelist that one day he and one of his offspring should escape death by something very little short of a miracle. I need not remind the reader that Dickens was in the terrible railway accident at Staplehurst, and that he escaped unhurt. He had upon him the manuscript of Our Mutual Friend, at present in the possession of Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The manuscript, according to Dickens, was the offspring of alluded to.

There is one man in British public life who has excited my great curiosity, but so far I have been unable to get a glimpse of him or to get a safe estimate of him. I refer to that most mentioned man Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett. It was, I think, in no less a paper than the *Chronicle* that there appeared one day a small editorial note stating that the fact "had just leaked out" that Sir Ashmead-Bartlett was at the Sultan's elbow, and it would be well, before giving credit to the Sultan and his generals for the success of the campaign against the Greeks, to consider whether the gifted Englishman had not inspired the Turkish plan of war. This solemn item impressed me, until in *Truth* I found a lampoon concluding with a sincerely expressed wish that Sir Ashmead-Bartlett would be so highly valued by the Turks that he would never be allowed to return to England. The other day news came that he had been captured in the Gulf of Salonica by the Greeks, and the news was heard in the House of Commons with "roars of laughter." And now that sedate paper, the *Illustrated London News*, says:

His ambition is to keep the Russians out of Constantinople. The question arises whether for this great purpose it would not be well for Sir Ellis to take up his residence permanently on the Bosphorus, so that Russia may be deterred by his sleepless vigilance.

This oft-repeated expression of a willingness to temporarily surrender Sir Ellis to the Turks has finally convinced me that the gentleman in question is being jollied by the press and is not taken at his own serious valuation.

Why is Erin Angry?

What is the matter with Ireland anyway, that her newspapers are so violently reviling Canada and Canadians? Have we been giving our money to the wrong branch of the Home Rule party?



BEAUTIFUL cool weather made last Saturday afternoon a perfect one for outdoor sports, but despite the fair afternoon the Inter-Club Athletic Championship meet on the Rosedale grounds was very slimly attended, not more than two hundred spectators being present. The reason for this apparent lack of interest on the part of the public lies in the fact that the meet was scarcely advertised at all. For all the outside interest it aroused, the meet might just as well have been a strictly private affair. As for the games, a few of them were keenly contested, but the proceedings on the whole were voted rather monotonous. Many of those whose names appeared on the programme as having entered for various events, failed to put in an appearance. The Toronto Athletic Club and the Toronto Lacrosse and Athletic Association were represented by only two or three contestants, and the latter association failed to carry off a single prize. The Y.M.C.A. men carried off the team prize, winning 20 points; Trinity University took second place with a total of 17 points; and the Toronto Police Athletic Association, thanks to the exertions of their veteran athlete, J. McArthur, rolled up 13 points. Webber did creditable work in the high and broad jumping for the T.A.C.; Morrow and Harding were the best men from the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium, while Mr. Tim O'Rourke upheld the honor of the Licensed Victuallers' Athletic Association in putting the shot and throwing the hammer, capturing the gold medal in both events. A. C. Caldwell, 'Varsity's champion of last year, won the 100 yards dash, and the 220 yards race. Temple and Parmenter did good work for Trinity. No records were broken in any event, however. Mrs. Kirkpatrick arrived on the grounds shortly after six o'clock and presented the gold and silver medals to the successful competitors.

Whatever may be the result of to-day's lacrosse match at Rosedale (Toronto vs. Cornwall) there is this to be said, that Toronto people can go up to see the game fully assured that the city will be represented by the best team that has played for Toronto for years. I saw the game on the holiday, when the Torontos defeated the Montreals by 7-1, and the two or three weak spots have been strengthened. Having secured Murray, late of the Shamrocks, to play on the defence, the team should be just about perfect. With the tall and tireless Guthrie at center, and Moran, Burns, Smith, Nolan and Butler constituting the home, it is doubtful if any club can stand six men in a row to equal them this season, once they get their play tongue-and-grooved together. Butler was the slowest man on the field on the holiday, yet those who saw him play last season will understand that this must have been entirely due to the fact that he had only two days' practice. With Murray and others built into the defence, the Torontos will put up as strong and swift a team as anyone could wish. But nobody need suppose that the team will run away with the Cornwalls as they did with the Montreals. The Cornwall team is just about the strongest in the Big League this year. Not a man of last year's strong team has dropped out; and it was a young team last season, and has developed quite a bit. I am of the opinion that Cornwall, before the end of the season, will prove the strongest team in the League. The game this afternoon should draw an immense crowd, for, as I have said, Toronto people will have no occasion to blush for the home team. Mrs. Kirkpatrick and party will be present, and Mayor Fleming has been invited to place the rubber for the face-off.

The Toronto team this afternoon will probably line up as follows: Allan (in goal) Kingston, Wheeler, Griffiths, Gale, Murray, Guthrie (center), Moran, Burns, Smith, Nolan and Butler. The game will begin at 3.30 sharp. It will be preceded by a game between the Torontos' second twelve and the Elms' I.

Here are the new records made at the Woodbine during the race week:

Looman	5 furlongs	1.03
Arlington	5 furlongs	1.10
Sinaloa III	7 furlongs	1.29
Havoc	1 mile	1.43
Distant Shot	1 1/4 miles	1.50
Boanerges	1 3/4 miles	2.04
Basso	1 1/2 miles	2.39
Ferdinand	new Queen's Plate record	2.13

The decision of Mr. Seagram and Mr. McGuigan not to send their strings to the Hamilton meet was much regretted. At a first glance the uninitiated might suppose that when two owners who can send out horses to win almost any purse they may desire, drop out, it would add greatly to the interest in the races, because smaller owners would at last have a chance. Unfortunately, the defalcation of these two owners seems to show (and I am writing this before the Hamilton meet has got well under way) that the races will pass into the hands of the Windsor race people. The Hendrie stable alone can hardly be expected to leave the whole race meet. Mr. Seagram, as the leading turfman of the country, should recognize the responsibility resting upon him to keep the game straight by entering his string at every meet as important as that at Hamilton. I am told that he repudiates the idea that he stood out of the Hamilton meet through any personal reasons, but wished to save his horses for bigger events across the border. Mr. McGuigan explains his stand by saying that he is on bad terms with Mr. J. J. Carter, the judge. Whatever the reasons, Hamilton is getting the cold shoulder, but I am sure the sport will suffer to a greater extent than Hamilton or the gentlemen against whom was designed this elaborate "snub."

Reckless riding on the part of a few witless bicyclists has been the direct cause of several accidents during the past few weeks, in which a number of old people and children have been

more or less severely injured. In nearly every instance the bicyclist has not been man enough to stay and endeavor to assist the person knocked down, but has mounted his wheel and hurried off at the greatest possible speed. It is time that scorching on the city streets was stopped, and I understand our mounted policemen have received instructions to this effect. If a few scorches figure in the police court the example will no doubt have a salutary effect on the budding Zimmermans who make race tracks out of the public highways, to the discomfort of both wheelmen and pedestrians. In Detroit, on a recent Monday, no less than forty wheelmen were fined for scorching.

It is amusing to witness the struggles with a score-card of a person who is somewhat of a novice at baseball. I had the pleasure the other day over at the Island, and it was considerably more interesting than the game. The unfortunate who thought he was keeping track of the game glued his eyes on the card, and was so absorbed in it that he had to call to his assistance a friend who occupied the next seat, in order to find out the different manners in which the batters were put out. They finally came to an arrangement whereby one called out score and the other marked it down. That score-card was wonderfully kept, and the last glimpse I had of it the seventh innings record was placed under the eighth innings heading.

A Buffalo paper contains an interview with "Spike Sullivan, the Irish comedian, wit, boxer and financier." Unfortunately the Toronto Athletic Club did not know that Sullivan was a comedian, wit and financier, but treated with him on the assumption that he was just a plain up-to-date boxer looking for work. The T. A. C. found him a nice job, boxing with one Gerard of Chicago, whereupon Sullivan threw off his disguise and revealed himself as an Irish comedian, and gave a side-splitting imitation of a bicycle rider with a sore shoulder. It is not quite justifiable to say that Sullivan was afraid of Gerard. His record does not hint at it. He probably regards Gilmour's remarkable pupil as good enough to treat seriously and not the kind of man to waste in an acedemical bout in the presence of Toronto's energetic police. I think it was Sullivan the financier who hurt his shoulder. However, he has done boxing a lot of harm in Toronto just at a time when it needed kindness at the hands of boxers, and when he and Gerard finally come together this town will hope that Spike gets beaten.

Judging by the triumphant course of Mr. Aurel Batonyi in England, Mr. Hulme knew what he was about when he sent him over with his fine string to exhibit. At Otley four prizes came their way—first, second, third and fourth. At Newark, three—one first and two seconds. After the round of shows at the Crystal Palace next week and at Richmond, Norfolk, Manchester and Doncaster, Mr. Batonyi will return, bringing his spoils with him, and we hope to see him at our own Exhibition in September.

As a crumb of comfort for Manager Irwin it may be pointed out that Toronto is doing better in the Eastern League than is St. Louis in the National. St. Louis opened the week with six won and twenty-five lost. But, of course, if Toronto perseveres it may overtake St. Louis.

The second series of the Toronto Senior Football League commenced last Saturday on the old cricket grounds. Parkdale defeated Scots 3 goals to 2, and Riversides won from the Gore Vales by 6 goals to 0.

The entries for Varsity's annual spring tennis tournament, which begins next Monday, close at 10 a.m. on that date. The following events are on the list:

1. All comers' singles, open to Canadian players.
2. Club handicaps, open to graduates and undergraduates of the University.
3. Men's doubles, open to club members.
4. Ladies' singles, open to graduates and undergraduates of the University.
5. Mixed doubles, open to graduates and undergraduates of the University.

The glorious uncertainty of cricket was illustrated twice during the past week, in the Hamilton vs. Guelph and Toronto vs. Parkdale games. Hamilton only made 48 runs in their first innings, and Guelph 98, whilst in the second innings Hamilton secured 141 runs with only 3 wickets down, closing their innings at that figure. Guelph only made 59, so Hamilton won by 32 runs. In Hamilton, C. Dixon made 25 runs, and R. B. Ferrie and A. Gillespie were not out for 32 and 70 runs respectively; the latter is a very creditable score for so early in the season. Parkdale succeeded in defeating Toronto C.C. last Saturday by 43 runs, the score being 71-28. Leigh, 14, and F. S. Chambers 18 were the only players who made double figures. The bowling was of far better quality than the batting, Leigh and F. S. Chambers taking 5 wickets for 12 runs and 4 for 9 respectively.

Against Upper Canada College on Saturday last, playing for Toronto Junction, Messrs. Garrett and Wheatley put up 111 runs for the first wicket. The Junction team is much stronger than it is generally given credit for.

The largest cricket scores of the season in England so far are: J. A. Dixon's 208 not out for Notts against Sussex; K. S. Ranjitsinhji's 200 for Sussex against M.C.C.; N. F. Druce, 227 not out for Cambridge against Mr. Thornton's XI; Abel, 250 for Surrey against Warwickshire; Ward, 162 for Lancashire against Derby, and a dozen others have passed the century mark. With regard to the big score by the Indian Prince, it may be said that his highest previous score was his 171 not out against Oxford University last year. For the encouragement of beginners it may also be added that he was bowled for a duck the other day by a yorker sent down by Brockwell of Surrey.

The Trinity Rovers, the Parkdale Club, A. H. Collins' Chicago Eleven, and the New Jersey team will all tour in the first week of July. This means that the New Jersey visitors will find Toronto and Rosedale weakened, and that the Rovers will hardly meet the full strength of any club on their tour. It would be wise for all cricket clubs early in the season to confide their plans to the secretary of the Ontario or Canadian Association, so that the clashing of dates could be avoided. THE UMPIRE.

The Queen and a Colonist.

AN excellent story is told by an ex-Australian Governor, now a high court official, who declares he heard it quite recently from the lips of the Queen herself. It refers to the visit to Windsor of a rather illiterate and homely Australian politician, who was "commanded" to dine and sleep at the Castle when on a trip to England several years ago. I don't want to say whether he is alive or dead now, because that might give his identity away; but I may add that not many of you would guess the name at once. Mr. X—, as I shall call him, was quite ignorant of court etiquette. He could not, however, bring himself to confess so much, but just before dinner, whilst the company were waiting Her Majesty in the long gallery, he sidled up to the Lord-in-Waiting and entered into conversation, asking about this royalty and that.

"Now, I suppose," he said tentatively, "that when answering the Prince of Wales directly, one says, 'Yes, your Royal Highness, or no, your Royal Highness?'"

"Well, no," replied the L. in W. "We usually say, 'No, sir,' or 'Yes, sir.'"

"I should have thought," remarked the colonist, "Sire would have been more appropriate."

"Sir," said the other, "is a corruption of sire, but only reigning monarchs are so addressed nowadays, and, though courtly, it is rather an archaic form."

Mr. X— liked the idea of being courtly and archaic, though he wasn't perfectly clear what the latter meant. His mind, however, was made up how to address Her Majesty. He had artfully found that out.

The Queen confined her conversation at dinner entirely to august political personages near her, but afterwards, in the drawing-room, she, as her custom is, came around and said a few gracious words to each guest in turn. At length she reached Mr. X—.

"And how long do you propose to stay in England, Mr. X—?" asked Her Majesty.

"About three months, Sire," said Mr. X—, using his courtly and archaic form of address.

"Good heavens!" thought the Queen, "my ears must have deceived me." She put another question.

"I think not, Sire," replied X—, with deepest respect.

The Queen glanced sharply at him. Then a perception of the truth flashed across her, and turning away, she shook with silent laughter. X— was agast, but presently the Queen continued her talk to him, and so gracious was she that the Australian went away delighted. The end of this tale is its best part. How many women could have resisted retelling the poor man's *faux pas*? The Queen never said a word to anybody for years, and to this day Mr. X— not improbably labors under the delusion that the feminine of sire is siren.

The Vampire.

[Written for the picture by Philip Burne-Jones in the New Gallery, and printed in the *London Daily Mail*.]

A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I)
To a ray and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care,
But the fool he called her his lady fair
(Even as you and I)

Oh the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand,
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I)
Inonor and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant),
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I)

On the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
And the excellent things we planned,
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know that she never knew why)
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
(Even as you and I)
Which she might have seen when she threw him
—side—
(But it isn't on record the lady tried)
So some of him lived but the most of him died—
(Even as you and I)

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white hot brand,
It's coming to know that she never knew why
(Seeing at last she could never know why)
And never could understand.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Two Prelates.

The Bishop of Manchester once had a curious experience when he was Bishop of Melbourne. A temperance meeting was being held in Melbourne Town Hall, and Dean Macartney did not arrive until after Bishop Moorhouse (who presided) had confessed himself to be a moderate drinker.

Soon after the Bishop sat down the Dean entered, and when his turn to speak came he commenced to denounce in his through-going fashion the "moderate drinkers." It was this class of persons, he said, that was responsible for half the drunkenness with which the city was cursed.

The audience simply yelled.

Publishing Notes.

A Short History of the Union Jack, comprising a chronological list of its important victories, apportioned to the three stages of our flag's development, from Sluys to Tel-el-Kebir, with notes on the principal battles, by William Henry Holmes, B.C.L., is the full title of a volume just published by the Copp, Clark Co., Limited.

The Victoria Diamond Jubilee History of Canada, by William Peter Smith, Esq., M.A., F.R.C.S., and all the rest of the alphabet, is a paper-covered book just published by G. M. Rose & Sons, Toronto. The book is an elaborate practical joke and the author raps nearly everybody over the knuckles. It is full of puns and quips, and there is much curiosity in some quarters as to the identity of William Peter Smith.

The wife—I think we ought to have daughter's voice cultivated, John. If it doesn't cost too much. The husband—It can't cost too much, my dear, if it will improve it any.—Puck.

The Barnums of Business.

THERE is more in the old statement that "Cleanliness is next to godliness" than we generally realize. Cleanliness produces health; filth produces disease and death. As the world grows cleaner it grows healthier, wiser and purer. With physical purity, mental and moral cleanliness are linked. Some time ago an institution in London, England, made an examination of the ice-cream peddled and sold in the streets of the world's metropolis, and the microscope showed such a conglomeration of materials, including vermin, hair, coal dust, wool, etc., as to make the examiners marvel that anybody could be found to eat such stuff, yet the street gamins declared it to be "elegant." It is very easy to make ice-cream or candy taste "nice" while being very poor stuff.

There is a grade of candy sold in some of the departmental stores of Toronto made up of glucose and starch and very little sugar, that could be sold very much cheaper than the price paid for it by customers. A package of creams was purchased in a departmental store last week, although tasting almost as well as the usual article, when tested proved to contain 80 per cent. of glucose. It may be remarked that glucose only costs one and one-half cents per pound. It is so easy to pleasure the taste while using very cheap ingredients, and there being no power to effectually protect the people against impure foods, it is not surprising to find that such practices are resorted to by people who care for nothing on earth but the almighty dollar.

There is nothing so essential to health as pure food. The world is finding this out. Some of the States of the Union have appointed a Pure Food Commissioner, who has power to enter any manner of store or shop where anything intended for human consumption is being manufactured or offered for sale, and in the name of the State, and in behalf of the people, carry away samples to be tested as to quality measured as to quantity. In Ontario we are at the mercy of tricksters. Those who make or sell pure foods lose trade because they do not sell as cheaply as others who use ammonia, glucose and every cheap substitute for the ingredients of wholesome food.

A lady correspondent writes to say that in a departmental store a couple of weeks ago, when she sought to buy a shopping-bag precisely like the one she carried, it was shown to her and offered at \$1.00. The one she carried had been purchased in a regular, old-established leather-goods and novelty house for seventy-five cents. Reports of such incidents could be multiplied without number. It is not necessary to inform those who have been careful to price goods and test values, that the big stores make profits quite as large as the regular stores, but there are a great many people who do not take time to get at the truth.

A few weeks ago a correspondent wrote asking me to warn small dealers that they must, if they would do business, cultivate punctuality in the delivery of goods, and not plead petty excuses for delays. It is true that a great reform is needed in some stores that do considerable business, but which might do a great deal more if the proprietors realized how great a part is played by up-to-date methods in the doing of business.

William Harley Porter of the *Toledo Journal*, who has investigated the departmental stores of Chicago and Toronto, writes as follows in his paper of last Saturday:

It really seems that there must be, somewhere in the States, a clearing-house for departmental store fakes. Some place where the managers relate their schemes for the good of the order. If the garden seed bait is being worked in St. Paul; presto, it is played the same week in Toronto. If short-length, old-style wall paper is being exploited as a prodigious bargain in Chicago, we find the same sort of alluring advertisements in our own papers. Poor thread, twenty yards short to the spool and not half the strength of the recognized standard, is no sooner put on the market somewhere in the States, than we are offered it in Toronto. In short, however seemingly strange, or even absurd it may sound to say that there is a system underlying the chicanery of the departmental store, investigation in this city certainly gives plenty of reason for the belief.

The organizers have begun the work of forming local branches of the Retail Merchants Association of Canada in the towns and cities of the province. It is to be hoped that the local press and business men will yield them every assistance and meet them half-way. It is necessary to get the whole country properly organized so that before the next meeting of the Ontario Legislature there can be drafted certain resolutions and proposals embodying a remedy for the existing evils, and doing injury to no man whose trade is honest—proposals that shall emanate from and be backed up by such a numerically strong and widely influential organization that no combination can possibly be organized to side-track the departmental store question, which, from its pressing importance, must be made the leading issue of the next session of the Legislature.

It is necessary also to urge upon the Premier of Ontario the advisability of appointing a commission to take evidence under oath, so that at the next session the members will have established facts to go upon. There is no reason why such a commission should not be created at once. A sufficient number of allegations have been made to justify an enquiry, and if departmental stores are, as they claim, beneficent institutions, such an enquiry would cover their assailants with confusion and end a controversy that will not abate until departmental stores are either ended or mended. It was Premier Hardy who first suggested a commission, and I trust that he will put the idea into effect. MACK.

A Clever Explanation.

"Why, Norah," said Mrs. K— to the new cook, "I thought you said that you knew how to make nut cake."
"An' 'pwat is that if it isn't nut cake, ma'am?"
"But you've put the nuts in whole!"
"Begorry an' I t'ot yees was as able to crack 'em as I was. Yer teeth's as good as mine!"

A Fall Day with the Stovepipes.

MY name is Peters, and I'm a man of some little enterprise—if left to my own resources. Last spring I decided that I would take down the stovepipes myself, instead of getting a man to do it. This was purely as a matter of economy, not pleasure. I also resolved (still in the spring) that I would put the stovepipes up again in the fall. So far my conduct was both praiseworthy and discreet. But, not content with this, I confided my intentions (as to the fall, as well as the spring) to the cook. This may have been both open and praiseworthy; it was not discreet.

We have three stoves; the hall stove (with a large supply of straight pipe), the dining-room stove (with a still larger supply of crooked pipe), and the kitchen stove (with a very fair supply of both kinds of pipe). I attacked these stovepipes bright and early one beautiful spring morning, and they came down like a charm—some small portions of them rather more slowly than I had expected, and all the rest considerably sooner than I had expected. I stood them up triumphantly in various parts of the house for the womanfolk to clear away, and departed in the best of tempers for my office. When I got home that night they had it nearly all cleared away. They (the womanfolk) were not in the best of tempers. After that, the fall arrived in what seemed to me about a month and a half.

"I guess, Mr. Peters," said the cook one evening, when things had got so cold that you could scarcely hold a knife in your hand, and your nose was as blue as the sky, "we'll have to have the kitchen pipe up anyway. Besides, it'll kind of take the chill off the rest of the house till you're thinking of putting up the other pipes."

Had I been alone on a desert island with that cook, I should most certainly have wrung her neck for a discontented, meddling creature. As it was, I merely said, "Certainly, Jane. Why didn't you mention it before? I'll do it tomorrow morning."

On the morning I rose bright and early (as on that beautiful spring day—but, oh, with what a difference!) so that I might get through before ten for the office. It must have been then about half-past six or seven, but it seemed like four or five. The kitchen clock said a quarter to eight. Such timepieces should be destroyed at the factory. Under my instructions, Jane brought in a choice collection of pipe that belonged, apparently, to the kitchen stove. I selected a link that looked as if it ought to be the right one to fit on to the stove, and, providing myself with a newspaper to keep my hands clean (I am very neat), set to work. It went on beautifully—one side of it. Then I went carefully around to the other side to get it on, and it went on beautifully—just as the first side slipped off. I repaired again to the front, and repeated the process. Both sides went on beautifully, but alternately. Finally I grew tired of this occupation, and grasping the front side gently but firmly in my hands I gave it a judicious "bulge." After that neither side went on.

"Don't you think," suggested Jane, "you've got the wrong piece?"

Now, if she'd left me alone, I might perhaps have come to that conclusion (I was getting there pretty fast), but, of course, her remark settled it.

"No," I said sternly, "I have not got the wrong piece, and if you'll hold it in place for a moment instead of standing there talking all day, I'll show you just how it goes on."

Jane held the pipe in place with both hands. I picked up one of the stove-lids (I forgot to use my newspaper this time) and beat the refractory link carefully on the top. My efforts were crowned with complete success. It went on like a charm.

"You see," I explained to Jane, "it was only a little bit rusty, or shrunk. Pipes do that, you know. It's all right now; that link, anyway." Jane gazed at my handiwork with ignorant distrust.

"As a matter of fact," I continued, pausing from my labor for a moment (you've no idea how heavy those stove-lids are), "you mightn't think it, but putting up the pipes like this myself will save \$10 or \$15 a—"

"Laws, Mr. Peters," interrupted Jane, who during these remarks had gone prying around to the rear, "the back of it's all split open wide enough to put your hand in!"

It was true.

I said nothing—that Jane could hear.

"Now," said that opinionated female, fishing out a neglected, spotted-looking link from the pile, "I've thought all along that this was the right piece to go next the stove; for, see, there's the marks of the spatters all over it when I fry."

I took it with cold displeasure. Strange enough, it proved to be the right piece. Whether I got more satisfaction or annoyance out of this, I have never to this day discovered; but I got a great deal of both.

Shortly after this I succeeded in getting the pipe as high as the kitchen ceiling.

"Don't you suppose, Mr. Peters," again interrupted Jane at this point, "all the seams should be to the back?"

"No," retorted I tartly, for I'd had about enough of Jane, "I don't. They're put alternately to give the thing strength."

"Oh!" said Jane.

"Certainly!" said I.

Then there was a pause, broken, of course, by Jane.

"Don't you suppose," she began cautiously, for she had not fully recovered from her last rebuff, "that the top links should go over the lower ones so as not to let the gas out?"

"No," I rejoined impatiently, "I do not." I was going to give her my reasons, but changed my mind suddenly. Anyway, reasons would have been just thrown away on such a woman.

After that she preserved a more respectful silence for a while, and we started to put up the portion of the pipe that runs through the bath-room. Things now began to get exciting. The housemaid was called to our assistance. I pounded and shouted, and pushed and pulled, till I thought the house would come down.

Jane did the same; and the housemaid did what Jane did. So long as there were three of us in the kitchen to hold up that part of the pipe, it stayed up beautifully, and the part in the bath-room tumbled down. Whenever the

part in the bath-room was getting nicely into shape, the part in the kitchen tumbled down. The part in the hall between the two tumbled down all the time. I simply hammered each link till it went into place, or burst. It generally did the latter. As we had the pipes for three stoves to work on, this was not of so much importance. But at last there came a crisis of perfection, with success almost at our very hand.

"Pull!" I cried.

"We can't reach!" screamed Jane and the housemaid.

"Get on the ladder!" I shouted.

"Wait a second," they pleaded.

"Are you ready?" I called.

"Push!" answered Jane and the housemaid.

I pushed; they pulled; and the pipe parted. Over went Jane and the housemaid, the ladder on top of them, the pipe on top of the ladder, and I on top of the pipe. Had I not had the presence of mind to choose the moment when they had only mounted to the second step of the ladder, I really believe those two wretched women might have been killed. (Next time I'll not be in such a hurry.)

And did I give up after that? No, I did not; there's no give to me, thank you. I'm not a stovepipe.

Incredible as it may sound, by eleven o'clock it was all up. Snug, firm and neat, though a trifle crooked. (The walls of the house weren't built quite straight.)

"Do you think it will stand?" enquired Jane, who by this time had fallen (if) into one of her disagreeable moods.

"Stand!" retorted I indignantly. "You couldn't knock it down with a cordwood stick if you were to try." And, really, you couldn't look at the thing without a feeling of melancholy that it should ever have to come down again.

"Light a fire in the stove!" I ordered proudly, as I repaired to my room to try to clean up.

"I want to see how it draws."

About five minutes later I heard Jane's voice outside my door: "The fire's going fine, Mr. Peters. The pipe draws splendid."

"Yes," said I carelessly, "I put it up to draw well. There's everything in the way pipes are put up for drawing."

Jane departed.

I was just adding the last touches to my toilet when I heard a fearful commotion in the kitchen. The next moment Jane and the housemaid were both pounding on my door like mad and shrieking at the tops of their voices: "Mr. Peters! Mr. Peters! Do come—the whole pipe's fallen down—over everything—and the stove's a-going like fury—the smoke's dreadful! Come quick—hurry! Fire! Fire!"

"Run and put water on it!" I shouted wildly. "At once—cold water—don't lose a moment—I'll be there in a second. Heavens! Run! Hurry!"

Off they rushed in a regular panic.

Then I just slipped down the front stairs like a flash, grabbed my hat in the hall, and started for my office rather faster than you could have imagined my legs would carry me.

After some months of reflection, this I believe, was the only wise thing that I did on that ever-memorable fall day.

H. C. BOULTRÉE.

N.B.—The stove man's bill that year was \$21.75. We needed a great many extra links. I told the stove man they had rusted. Jane (of course) told him something else. The only three morals I draw from this (I might draw a hundred) are: First, never try to put up stoves with a woman; Second, never try to put them up at all; Third, live in a tent and do your own cooking.

H. C. B.

Toronto, June, '97.

The New Journalism.

New York Sun.

In the interest of the *Blatherskite* she had gone to far Fiji.

To investigate the cannibal's cuisine.

The result of her "Exposures" forced her rapidly to flee.

Or she might have graced the royal soup-tureen.

In pursuance of her duties she'd been strung up by the neck.

To describe a lady's feelings when she's hung; And in a diver's dress she once descended on a wreck. An adventure nearly costing her a lung.

In a patent safety coffin she had patiently allowed herself to be interred to prove its worth.

Though forgotten through some oversight she uttered not a word.

Of complaint about her sojourn under earth.

Devotion to her work this young woman proved by acts.

And risks and dangers never made her quail; But she kicked when they assigned her to secure some "inside facts."

About Jonah's being swallowed by the whale!

Forgetting the Lesson.

IT is said that an Anglo-Saxon never knows when he is whipped. The French claim an even higher degree of insensibility to defeat; for they say that a Frenchman who has been soundly whipped fancies himself to have been a conqueror and acts accordingly.

There are happy Frenchmen who believe that the Germans have been afraid of them ever since 1871.

To illustrate this useful quality, a French writer tells an amusing story of a certain politician and bully named Choquet, who flourished some years ago. Monsieur Choquet one morning went into Tortoni's restaurant and said to a waiter:

"Bring me the *Constitutionnel*."

"Sorry, sir," said the waiter, "but it's being read just now."

He indicated a stout gentleman across the room who was at that moment engaged in reading the paper calmly. Choquet went over where the stout gentleman sat, and after hemming and hawing in a significant way without attracting the man's attention, said flatly to him:

"Sir, I want to read the *Constitutionnel*."

The man turned and said politely, "I am nearly done with it, sir, and in about five minutes I shall have pleasure in delivering it to you."

"But I want it now!" said Choquet.

So the quarrel went on, until there was a challenge and a duel, in which Choquet received a sword-thrust that kept him in bed three months. As soon as he was able to go

out he went one morning to Tortoni's for his chocolate.

"Bring me the *Constitutionnel*," he said to the waiter.

"Sorry, sir, but it's being read."

And there was the same stout gentleman across the room, tranquilly taking his coffee and reading the *Constitutionnel*. Choquet glared at him.

"Singular individual that," said he to the waiter. "He reads the *Constitutionnel* yet, after the lesson I gave him three months ago!"

And though this time Choquet did not interfere with the man's reading, no one could have convinced him that he was not sparing the stout gentleman through sheer magnanimity.

They Lived on Beauty.

Calgary Herald.

A good story is told of a well known young mining man who at one time was working on bridge construction for the C.P.R. The gang was at work one day on the main line when a passenger train stopped for a few minutes and the travelers in the Pullman got off to inspect the scenery. Among them was a lady of uncertain years, whose face was not her fortune, and who had evidently not experienced the mellowing influences of matrimony. In shorter language she was an old maid and she had all the inquisitiveness of her sex. After sizing up the bridge gang through her eyeglasses she expressed her sentiments as follows: "What a horribly forsaken looking country! Surely there are no white people living in it?"

Upon being informed that there were actually a few white people located along the C. P. R., she asked with a shudder: "What on earth do they live on?"

"Well, madame," said the budding young diplomat referred to, looking up from his work, "they live mainly on the good looks of the passengers."

And amid the suppressed snickers that followed, the lady suddenly discovered she had important business in the car.

A Deal that Failed.

New York Sun.

"Do you wish to have it charged?" said he.

"No, thank you," said the lady.

"Shall we send it to you?"

"It is so small that it is hardly worth while."

"It's no trouble, and you will avoid waiting while the package is being wrapped up."

"But I must wait for my change, anyway."

"Not at all; we can send it C. O. D."

"But it's only sixty-three cents."

"That makes no difference. It will be delivered this evening, sure."

"Very well," and the lady sauntered away, wondering why the clerk was so anxious to send so small a package to Brooklyn and put the establishment to the trouble of collecting sixty-three cents.

The mystery deepened at the home of the lady in Brooklyn.

"A package for Miss Blank," said the driver of the delivery wagon, and hurried to leave.

"He's forgotten to collect the sixty-three cents," cried the lady. "Stop him, Bridget!"

"Hey!" cried Bridget.

"That's all right," rejoined the driver, and disappeared around the corner.

The mystery was explained at the office of the father of the lady in New York.

"Are you Mr. Blank?" asked the dapper young man.

"Yes," said the father.

"The father of a large family of daughters in Brooklyn?"

"Yes."

"A C.O.D. package was sent to your house the other day. That suggests that perhaps you would like to open an account for your family at our store."

"Eh?"

"The advantage would be mutual. On our side we would have the trade of a large family of young ladies."

"So?"

"Large families of young ladies are in great demand as charge customers."

"Huh!"

"And so we should be very glad to open the account. On your side the advantage would be equally great. Our store is a long way from Brooklyn."

"H-m-m."

"And so your daughters would not be apt to buy so much as they would if they had an account in a Brooklyn store. Therefore you would save money."

"Yes?"

"Yes."

The father looked over his glasses at the dapper young man, and the dapper young man waved his hand and bowed. The father stretched out

Pearls of Etiquette.
Life.



It is not the correct thing to be careless in dress at home, any more than when abroad.

his legs, thrust his hands into his trousers-pockets and began:

"So, then, you make it a business to search out large families of daughters?"

"Yes."

"And omit to collect money due on C.O.D. packages so as to have a basis for starting an account?"

"Yes."

"The plan is ingenious. But it is not ingenious enough to succeed with the father of a large family of daughters. How old are you?"

"Twenty-seven."

"I am fifty-seven. If you are the father of a large family of daughters when you are fifty-seven, you will know more than you do now."

"Yes."

"You will have learned that if one store is twice as far away as another, a woman will feel herself obliged to buy twice as much as at the other to make up for the difference in distance."

"Yes?"

"You will have learned also that she will feel herself obliged to keep on buying as much as ever at the near store just because it is nearer than the other."

"Yes?"

"So that the net result would be that my daughters would buy three times as much as before if I opened an account with you."

"Yes?"

"Ordinary reasoning won't apply to women."

"Then you don't want to open the account?"

"No."

"Good-day."

"Good-day."

As I Depart.

For Saturday Night.

The midnight moments of my life draw nigh. The fires which once consumed me have expired. My hands—poor, worthless, toil-worn hands—are tired.

And I am tired, too, and can but die. Why should I leave behind this pitiless cry. These aching echoes of an aching soul.

Fashioned as on my dying bed I roll! What after all, O cold, hard world, am I?

I loved that world, but naught I cared for me. Its joys had balm to stay these blinding tears; But it withheld those joys, and now appears. Fast, surging on my soul, Death's dark, dark sea. Let no pedestal rise when falls my breath. Who scorned in life can honor not in death.

Toronto, June 2, 1897. E. D. M. D. M.

Side-door Clubmen.

A NEW YORK club was horrified recently to discover that one of the new members had a compound name, of which one-half was used in his business and the other half in his social relations. Under one of his names this man was a woman's tailor, and the other half of the cognomen was the one under which he got into the club.

Almost as much surprise was created in a club, not long ago, when it was discovered that a certain new and youthful member was not at all the person he was supposed to be. This young man got into a club in which he had no large acquaintance. As the organization was an old and exclusive one, with very few young members, the sudden success of this young man surprised his friends. It was only after some little time that it became known how the unusual honor had come, to this very inconspicuous person. He was the possessor of a name very well known in New York, but he was not in the remotest way related to the family that dignified the name. There are, indeed, no young men in the family, but it was generally believed in the club that after a good many years another representative of this old family had come up for admission. So he was promptly elected over the heads of a great many candidates who had been long on the waiting-list. It must have surprised the new member as much as it did everybody else to observe the unusual consideration shown to him. He was quiet on the subject, however, and may still be wholly ignorant of a fact that is known to nearly everybody else in the organization.

The Turk as a Chaser.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"The Turks seem to have a mighty poor opinion of the Greeks."

"Yes; that accounts for their running 'em down."

Strength of Weakness.

How often do the clinging hands, though weak, Clasp round strong hearts that otherwise would break!

—M. Elizabeth Crouse.

"I wish I lived with Uncle Willie out West," said Tommie. "He says it's raining cats and dogs out there 'most all the time. It must be lots of fun going around pickin' 'em up."—*Bazar*.

His Fortunate Grace.

MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON has followed Patience Sparhawk with another society novel, entitled *His Fortunate Grace*, in which she impales New York society women and fortune-hunting British peers.

Mrs. Atherton writes so cuttily that one critic complains that she does not realize the distance between satire and spite. The Duke of Bosworth is the British peer of the novel, and Mrs. Atherton draws a clever picture of a fashionable night at the opera, where the Duke is taken for exhibition and sale:

The two tiers of boxes at the Metropolitan Opera House, reserved for the beauty and fashion of New York, flashed with the plumage of women and a thousand thousand gems. Women of superb style, with little of artifice but much of art, gowned so smartly that only their intense vitality saved them from confusion with the fashion-plate, carrying themselves with a royal, albeit somewhat self-conscious air, many of them crowned like empresses, others starred like night, producing the effect of a mass of resplendent beauty and individuality of deficiency in all upon which the centuries have set their seal, hung, two or three in a frame, against the curving walls and red background of the great house, suspended in air, these goddesses of a new civilization, as if with insolent challenge to all that had come to stare. To the music they paid no attention. They had come to decorate, not to listen; without them there would be no opera. The music-lovers were stuffed on high, where they seemed to cling to the roof like flies. The people in the parquetry and orchestra-chairs, in the dress-circle and balconies, came to see the hundreds of millions represented in the grand tier. Two rows of *blond club faces* studded the long omnibus box. Behind the huge sleeves and voluminous skirts that sheathed their proudest possessions were the men who had come or inherited the wealth which made this triumphant exhibition possible.

Eventually the Duke finds himself almost committed to a Miss Creighton, when he hears that her father's financial position is unsteady. He at once has this interview with her:

"I have seen your father," he said.

"Oh—have you? What—what did he say?"

"When I asked you to marry me, I explained how I was situated."

"I know—won't papa?—He's very generous."

"He can't. He is very seriously embarrassed."

The girl's breath shortened painfully. She turned white. Unconsciously she twisted her hands together.

"Then we cannot marry?"

"How can we? Do you want to spend your life hounded by lawyers, money-lenders and financial syndicates, and unable to keep up your position?"

"You would die of misery, poor child. I am not a man to make a woman happy on three hundred thousand pounds a year. Poor! It would be hell."

"She did not look up, but sat twisting her rings."

"You know best," she said. "I don't know the conditions of life in England. If you say that we should be miserable, you must know. I suppose you did not love me very much."

"Not much, Mabel. I have only the skeleton of a heart in me. I wonder it does duty at all. You are well rid of me."

"You certainly did not make any very violent protestations. I cannot accuse you of hypocrisy."

"One thing—I was not half good enough for you. As far as I can remember, this is the first time I have ever humbled myself. You are a jolly little thing and deserve better luck."

"She made no reply."

"I shall cross almost immediately—shall give out that you have refused me."

"You need not. I have told no one but Augusta. People will think that we were merely good friends. We will treat each other in a frank, off-hand manner when we meet out."

"You are a game little thing! You'd make a good wife—a good fellow to chum with. I wish it could have come round our way."

The Duke promptly transfers his affections to a Miss Forbes, and wins her and the wealth which he came to America to seek. Superficial facts of recent occurrence seem to justify this novel by Mrs. Atherton, yet the manners and morals of the wealthier New Yorkers are not so bad as painted.

"This simple tale may possibly be accepted," says the *New York Sun*, "as a true picture of New York society by those young men and women who get their ideas on the subject from the fashionable news collected on the great key-hole and back-stairs principle

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RIVER RAIL

Anecdotal.

Huxley and Matthew Arnold were once walking in Arnold's garden with Dean Farrar, and fell to talking of social duties. Arnold admitted to being fond of dining out. "I rather like it," he said. "It is rather nice to meet people." "Oh, yes," replied Huxley, laughing, "but we are not all such everlasting Cupids as you!"

Mrs. Garrick, the wife of the famous actor, would never admit that anyone in the profession approached her husband in ability, save perhaps Kean, in the part of Richard III. One criticism of hers received unexpected confirmation. After seeing Kean play Abel Druggier, she sat down and wrote him:

"DEAR SIR,—You cannot act Abel Druggier.
"Yours,
"MADAM,—I know it. Yours,
"His reply was equally to the point:
"Yours,
"E. KEAN."

A characteristic story is told of a New England man and his wife, who live very methodically. One evening, at exactly nine o'clock, they went to the kitchen to make the final preparations for the night. "Marthy," said the husband, after a few moments, "he ye wiped the sink dry yet?" "Yes, Josiah," she replied; "why do you ask?" "Well," he answered, "I

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Brown—What's your idea of locking him in the house nights?
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did want a drink, but I guess I'll sit along till the morning."

James Payn tells of seeing an old gentleman in the lavatory of a club putting soap into his mouth, after which he murmured, "Thank heaven, it's all right!" Mr. Payn enquired very delicately why on earth he did it. "Well," he said, "I've had such an infernal cold for the last week that it has taken away my taste; every day I've tried whether I can taste the soap. To-day I can, so I shall not go home, but dine at the club." And after that he did so, expensively and with great gusto.

A Southern bishop arranged to spend three days during his annual visitation at the home of one of the faithful, whose wife was a famous housekeeper. A negro boy was brought over from the plantation to be the bishop's body-servant during his stay. The morning after his arrival, the bishop having failed to make his appearance, Jake was sent to summon him to breakfast, and found him shaving. In a few moments Jake returned, looking much alarmed. "Where is the bishop?" "He says he'll be heah directly." "What was he doing?" "A-sharpenin' ob his teef."

The late Catholic bishop of Newfoundland had a piano of which he desired to dispose, and which a friend, a Protestant doctor, desired to purchase. Considerable chaff ensued before the bargain was struck at a price which the bishop declared ruinously low. The only vehicle in the town which would accommodate the piano was the hearse, and in this it was driven to the doctor's door, who came to the bishop in high dudgeon. "Why on earth," he asked, "did you send my piano home in a hearse?" The bishop's eyes twinkled as he answered: "Why? Oh, because it was such a dead bargain."

Capt. Donegan, a retired lake sailor, was noted for his good nature, an instance of which is given as follows: He once shipped an old fellow named Dougal, merely to give him a place to eat and sleep. Dougal was not expected to go aloft or do any hard work, and he knew it. One day, when it was blowing pretty fresh, the captain, for a joke, called Dougal and told him to go up and furl the top-gallant sail. "I will na," said the old fellow, looking up in the captain's face in a surprised way. "Come, come, man; up with you! Don't you see the top-gallant sail will blow away?" "I will na," reiterated Dougal. "Ye can easy get anither top-sail, captain, but my wife canna get anither Dougal."

Between You and Me.

"If there is one thing more trying than a sinner, it is a penitent sinner," said a woman who knew whereof she spoke. "The self-respect of so many souls has been fatally injured by the penitent attitude. I mean the blatant and ready utterances, the promises of amendment, the assurances of degradation. I know, without being informed of the fact, that the sin of the body is the curse of the soul; that it is awful, blighting and hard to retrieve, but I declare it appalls me when I hear a sinner dilating upon these things." Then the revivalist regarded her with shocked surprise, and the woman nodded at him. "Just think over it," said she.

I was going to a tea one day lately, feeling uncommonly lovable and loving, for the sweetness of the spring had gotten into my heart, and I had found a bed of violets in bloom in my wee garden. A pretty woman begged a word with me, which is never begged in vain, and she asked me the most stupendous question, a question it will take the rest of my life to answer, and I just going in to sip a cup of tea and mildly gossip! "Only a word," said the pretty woman, but it was more. She had heard that I was studying occultism, I with scarce the time to wash my face, and that I was in danger of backsliding from the true faith (which meant what she believed), and she was sufficiently interested to waylay me en route for the tea and demand satisfaction. Whether she had the right to bid me halt in my wild career of crime I leave to herself, but I wanted my tea, and let her walk over me as she would, feeling all the while that absurd coincidence of ideas which no one can explain, and remembering only the story of the bow-legged shopwalker who said to the customer, "Walk this way," and the obtuse dame's protest as she failed to catch his meaning, but caught sight of his warped limbs. "But I can't walk that way, my good man." So the lady, toeing the crack and bidding me do likewise, provoked internal protest on my part.

For these latter days of the century are days

of freedom, when many a Lazarus, who has lain in the grave four days, comes staggering out at a voice he knows, and the same voice cries to his fellows to unloose him and let him go freely. We must not lay a pebble in the way of the one who is going beyond us in the onward way, and no one must say "It is dark" when we see light. There are grave-clothes of usage, of tradition, of prejudice, of bigotry, wound about every one of us, and it may be that we need to unloose them ourselves, amid the wailings of the mourners who think we are yet dead. It may be that we stand unshielded and unclothed; but what matters? Better the living world than the dark sepulchre; better light and suffering than darkness and comfortable oblivion. My pretty lady is happy in her beliefs, and I rejoice to know she is, but when she lays even the lightest of her jeweled fingers on me to bind even the thinnest bond about me, then there will be something said that will shock her.

I think myself that prating of one's beliefs is indelicate and vulgar. One must have some sacred things. The majority of the musical proclamations of our religious services have often struck me as in very poor taste and of very little value either to those who make them or to the One to whom they are made. There are things which, as the time-worn *not* expresses it, "go without saying," the virtue of one's mother, the purity of her love, the loyalty of one's friend, and the interest one takes in one's eternal welfare. Surely there can be no one so much concerned in my future as I am myself. And no one can secure my future well-being in spite of me; no one, human or divine, can make me do the right thing in spite of myself. When I am presuming anxious to advance, keenly interested and using all the light and strength I have to that end, it riles me to have even pretty ladies getting in my path and commanding, "Walk this way!" I presume that my anxious friend really considered it her duty to overhaul me and demand that I follow her suggestions. Goodness knows if I had done so in some of the affairs of my life, where I should be now! One's friends give one queer counsel, looking from the outside and densely ignorant of the springs that rise in one's heart. "If I were you," is an idiotic preamble, always the forerunner of something which is better not listened to. It is a great mistake to ask advice before one has battled with a problem to the very uttermost. Then I believe one does not need it. Light is sure to come, and one penny rushlight, coming from within, is worth more than a torchlight procession from the hands of one's friends.

A little brown woman came into my life this week, sweet and merry, and like a dear young sister, a person to be taken about and delighted in; wiser than I in so many ways—in the mother ways which one learns when one has babies resting on one's knees and the little faces on one's breast; in the bright, girlish ways of those who love and marry in their childhood and keep the wiles of little girls to their life's end; in the trustful, unconcerned ways of those who have not studied the world and its curious possibilities. And the little woman wheeled my pet friend and made him say yes, when to me he pouted and said no; and her laughter sounded out at me at sunrise, and her pretty voice called happy farewells to me at night. Sometimes I wished the little brown woman had been through the mill that she might understand more of what life means than she does, but it was a wicked wish. She has been like a mild day among many bleak ones, a little spray of mignonette in the posy of the month of May.

The papers say that there will be two visitors to the Jubilee who will not be welcome nor acceptable in England, the son of the Sultan and the Grand Duke Serge, who is a bad husband to one of Victoria's grand-daughters. And some other news is that should the Emperor of Germany insist upon visiting Paris, as contemplated, the very stones will cry out against him, and will probably hit him on the nose. Popular or not, if William makes up his Teutonic mind to do the gay city, there is no matter of paving-stones, either vocal or in motion, that will stop him. And that infamous Grand Duke will probably be in a prominent place, and the son of the Sultan will be honored, no matter how the gorge of that honest old Philistine, John Bull, may arise!

"I always thought I was a bit of a Turk," gurgled the little brown woman as she stretched herself in a Turkish sheet after her first experience of a Turkish bath. "Say, isn't this the most heavenly experience?" And she chuckled as she reviewed it and enjoyed the

consciousness of utter immaculate purity which it had brought. People who frequent the baths smiled at her. A large Madonna-like creature, a veritable Mater Dolorosa, with her soft hair streaming over her broad brows, and her tall form classically draped, paused in her stately walk to the dressing-room to look benignly on the wee brown woman curling up her toes in lazy bliss. A lithe young girl, with floating, sunny curls and laughing lips, said merrily, "Makes you feel like flying, doesn't it?" And a tiny, fat dumpling of a blonde rolled over lazily on her elbow and yawned, "I'd like to stay all day." And the little brown woman applauded her taste, and the slim girl weighed herself, and the Madonna did up her hair and frizzled it awfully with hot tongs and scraped it up from her neck, and stuck a startled-looking hat on-top of it, and lost her prestige in ten minutes, and the little brown woman went sound asleep!

LADY GAY.

Correspondence. Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

PEANUTS.—Give you good qualities? By all means. You are clever and energetic, independent and tenacious of your rights and opinions, discreet and optimistic, with rather good sequence of ideas, varying impulses, and a conservative nature, practical, reliable and honest. How's that?

PARSNIPS.—Another modest creature wanting nice traits! It is a study rather material than spiritual, fond of good things, apt to catch ideas, vital and forceful, with good affection, happy disposition, and sufficient energy to get on and make the best of things whatever turns up. Writer has healthy self-will, vigorous method and much social instinct. Is always happier with a friend than alone.

EDWIN.—Your Angelina could tell much better what you are really like if you had not written on blue-lined paper, and affected backhand. The general impression of your writing is of bright, cheerful and companionable traits. You are careful about your appearance and manner, a bit fond of praise, rather business-like, methodical and very neat. I see constancy, decision and a slight trace of ambition. AMERICAN GIRL.—A Yankee kiss isn't at all a bad enclosure. I am sure your valentine was more than appreciated. You are a firm-willed, level-headed and discreet maiden, (in spite of the enclosure), rather hasty in accomplishment, buoyant, ambitious and hopeful, honest and constant. There is a certain bluntness and rashness about you, which thought for others and a little self-discipline will wear away and finish off a very worthy character. I like you well.

QUEEN HORTENSE.—One of the persons who are apt to enjoy the ills of this life. With many a quip and crank, the writing is on the whole cheerful and courageous, but why can't you live more easily? Don't always belong to the opposition. The contrary part wastes lots of force with very meagre return. I don't think you can have had "many and varied" experiences of the sort that form character, for your study is full of prejudice, impetuosity and erratic impulse; you are imaginative but not inclined to sentiment. A nature apparently divided against itself. I wish I knew your birth month, then I could tell you "something to your advantage."

JOAN.—Prithree, fair maid, as thou art strong, be merciful. What a study! You would take a sledgehammer to kill a mosquito. I am sure you are enthusiastic; the lines are fairly shouting at me. You are an unreasonable, large-hearted, impulsive being, very firm in purpose and not noted for tact or sympathy with weakness of any sort. Abounding good nature, prodigious utterance and great dislike to smallness of any sort are shown. You might be a mine broker, or a brigade major, or a Tammany Boss, if you were a man. Love of material comfort and a hearty contempt for underhand dealings, a little tendency to believe the world rotten, and a fine reliance on your self, are the traits that demand to be recorded.

SUNFLOWER.—1. Why you should waste your time in correspondence with slight acquaintances for whom you don't care is a mystery to me. But time may be more plenty with you, and waste possible. Your question is quite outside the conventionalities. It is not considered at all correct to write to chance young men acquaintances, in conventional circles. The privilege of receiving a lady's letters is a very great one, and the well brought up girl is taught not to give it lightly. 2. Your writing shows frankness,



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good force and energy, some ambition, prudence and discretion, varied impulses, plenty of affection and a very bright and hearty nature. You need a lot of training but are worth it. There are some noble lines in your study.

A. PRACH.—1. As to your question why some persons get a good character and some a bad one in this column, it is simply as the lines of the study confess to good or bad traits. Very few are wholly bad; all have lines that more or less redeem them. 2. Your writing shows lack of tact and discipline; I am afraid you aren't taking much pains with yourself. The lines have strength, persistence, rather a sort of rude force, and cleverness and independence of thought, unrelieved by sympathy and tolerance. You think a good deal of yourself and your own opinions; are socially inclined and should be happiest in excitement and motion. With capability of warm affection you have quite a touch of selfishness, but your general impulse is of good-fellowship and good nature.

TRILBY.—Decidedly not. Music works upon our emotions, and a person may be very fond of it and yet lack the qualities necessary for goodness, as you express it. I have known great scallawags who loved sweet sounds as they loved anything else that gave pleasure to their emotional nature. Most musicians are nervous, highstrung and hard to get along with; but I do not wish in the least to convey the idea that they are not otherwise irreproachable. Generally, the study elevates in a marked degree any nature. It is not for nothing that the ancients always had the idea of music being one of the principal joys of expression in whatever sort of Paradise they pictured. But because a bad man is fond of music, he doesn't achieve any virtue from that taste. Your writing has been delineated.

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"You want to marry my daughter, eh?" said the practical man; "well, what provision have you made for the future?" "Oh, as to that," replied the suitor, "I'll join the church right away."—*Philadelphia North American*.

Music.

The special Philharmonic concert which was given on Thursday evening of last week in Massey Music Hall, was very poorly attended, notwithstanding the promise of a very attractive programme of orchestral music and the presence of three such gifted soloists as Mr. Michael Banner, violinist; Mr. H. M. Field, pianist; and Mr. Watkin Mills, baritone. Experiences of the past few years have proven that concerts held as late as the month of May are not likely to be very largely attended even when the attractions offered are of the very best. On this occasion an admirably chosen programme was presented, and many of the numbers were interpreted in a manner which left little to be desired. The concert was of special interest owing to the fact that the event marked the last public appearance in Toronto, before his departure for Germany, of Mr. Harry Field, as well as the first concert appearance in this city of Mr. Banner, a violinist of continental reputation who may possibly be induced to remain here as a permanent resident. Mr. Field played with great brilliancy and artistic finish his solo numbers, and with the orchestra gave, so far as the piano was concerned, a stirring interpretation of Weber's Concertstück. Recalls and encores testified to the pleasure felt by the audience at the work of this sterling artist, whose influence as a teacher of the piano and as a soloist has played so large a part in the musical life of the city during recent years. The solo violinist played the first movement of Wieniawski's Concerto, and Sarasate's Fantasia on Themes from Carmen, a work bristling with difficulties, which, however, were surmounted with an ease and abandon which revealed the player in the light of an artist of very high rank. Technically and musically Mr. Banner is an exceptionally brilliant performer. His tone is broad, his intonation pure and his style most refined and expressive. Mr. Mills sang with his accustomed vigor and effect, and in common with the other soloists, was most cordially received. The orchestra, one regrets to say, did not fulfill all that was expected of it. In view of unusually creditable work at the concert given some weeks previously, it was hoped that with additional rehearsals the organization would demonstrate the possibilities in this line of work in this city, and encourage its well-wishers to renewed effort in its behalf. Like other orchestral ventures which have preceded it, however, the poor effect of their performances on this occasion, which did much to counteract the good impression of the concert preceding, will tend to discourage those who were disposed to deal liberally with efforts now being put forth in this direction. It is but fair to say that the severe illness of the conductor, Mr. Anger, for several weeks preceding the concert, prevented rehearsals being held under his baton. Notwithstanding this, it must be confessed that lamentably bad judgment was displayed in attempting to produce works such as the orchestral accompaniment to the violin and piano concertos when the rehearsal preceding the concert promised nothing more nor less than what actually transpired at the public presentation of the works. Ordinary precautions should have been taken as to the pitch of the piano, which was entirely out of range of some of the wind instruments of the orchestra. Far better would it have been to have substituted a solo number for the Weber Concertstück than to have burdened the composition, as was inevitable under the circumstances. It is hoped that the result of the concert will not discourage further effort tending to establish a permanent orchestra in Toronto. It should not be forgotten, however, that frequent rehearsals are absolutely necessary to success in this sphere of work. Insufficiently prepared programmes will do more to kill the chances of any such project than all other causes. Mr. Dinelli played the accompaniments during the evening with rare judgment and skill.

A local accompanist forwards the following complaint:

Musical Editor Saturday Night.
Sir,—All who have feelings of sympathy for the unfortunate accompanist must have noticed the stern glances cast at him by singers and others when any little mistake happens for which the soloist is to blame. It is so easy to give the audience the impression that the accompanist has bungled in such cases. Little does the audience dream how often the accompanist is forced to play at sight the notes set before him, and at the same time perform all sorts of summersaults in time, besides giving out certain notes of the melody in dangerous spots so that the soloist may know how to "cut through the mazes without a breakdown. My back has become broadened and hardened because of the burdens of mistakes I have been forced to carry for others for so many years. But it does seem to me that the climax was reached at a concert the other night, where I overheard a little discussion between the soloists as to who should go out on the platform first, the singer or the accompanist. It was quickly settled by one of the singers, who gently shoved the other out ahead of me, with the remark, "The artists always go first." I collapsed on the spot, but gathered up enough strength to meekly toddle in after the soloist. Now, what I want to know is this: "Is an accompanist an artist—or what is he?" Will someone kindly come to my relief and answer this question, as since the above happened I have been losing sleep and my appetite as well, in an effort to solve the matter myself.

Yours,
Toronto, June 2, 97. THE ACCOMPANIST.

A piano recital by Mr. Edmund Hardy, Mus. Bac., A.T.C.M., pupil of Mr. Edward Fisher, was given in Conservatory Hall on Monday evening last. Mr. Hardy has frequently been mentioned in this column as a musician of excellent attainments. As gold medalist at Trinity University he displayed superior talents as a theorist and composer. His ability as a solo pianist was amply proven at the recital under notice in a programme embracing Schubert's F minor Impromptu; Schumann's Papillons; Chopin's A flat Polonaise, op. 33; Weber's Concertstück, with orchestral accompaniment on second piano by Mr. Napier Durand, and several smaller pieces. Mr. Hardy played this comprehensive programme in a manner which elicited warmest applause from the critical audience present. A well developed technique and artistic musical conception were features of his work which specially attracted attention. The recital, which was varied through several vocal numbers rendered by pupils of the Conservatory, proved one of the most attractive of this season's events at this thriving institution.

On Tuesday evening last a very successful piano recital was given at the Conservatory of Music by pupils of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison. The programme introduced a number of talented pupils, who demonstrated through their work the thorough character of the technical instruction imparted by their teacher and the artistic and comprehensive nature of their coaching in points of interpretation. The pupils participating were: Misses Laura Barrett, Alma Butler, Ethel Darby, Edith Henry, Florence Tilley, Lena Doherty, Mabel Rathbone, Frances Gibson, Laura A. Devlin, Clara Strong, Florence Fuller and Cassie Grandidge. A well selected programme was presented, which embraced, among other numbers, Weber's Sonata, op. 49, Liszt's Rhapsodie No. 12, Moszkowski's E major Valse, Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata and Chopin's Ballade No. 1. Pupils and master are entitled to congratulations upon the success of the recital, which was made further interesting through a number of vocal selections by pupils of the institution.

Many complaints are being heard concerning the weakness of most of the specially composed music for the Queen's Jubilee celebrations. Local musicians who have been making careful examinations of the large number of publications which the occasion has called forth, are of one opinion regarding the artistic uselessness of the material offered. Cowen's Commemorative Ode and Fanning's The Queen's Song are among the weakest works ever composed by these gifted composers. Other Jubilee anthems by leading composers are equally labored and ineffective. One of the most effective, as well as simplest of Jubilee compositions, is Barnby's Victoria, Our Queen, a rousing little work which does not bear the impress of having been "made to order." This inspiring and unpretentious chorus is having a very large sale. Its popularity is, no doubt, due in a great measure to the lack of merit in most of the specially composed works by other composers.

Mr. W. Elliott Haslam has issued invitations for a recital to be given by his pupils at St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening next. A programme of rare merit will be presented, in which the following well known vocalists will take part, namely: Miss Gladys Notman, Miss Lillian Norman, Miss May Taylor, Miss Editha Hirst, Mrs. Crowley, Mrs. F. G. Cox, Mr. W. R. P. Parker and Mr. W. E. Rundle. The accompanist will be Miss Shipe. *Appropos* of the artistic results of Mr. Haslam's work as a voice specialist, I might mention that Miss Ida Hawley, who studied opera with Mr. Haslam and who sang at his last recital, recently sang for Mr. Augustin Daly, who immediately engaged her to take Miss Earle's part of Ceres in The Tempest, going on tour, and has offered her a three years' engagement to follow. She appeared with great success in Philadelphia a short time since.

The College of Music contained a large and critical audience on Monday evening last, the occasion being a piano recital given by Miss Bessie Austin, a talented young performer, whose clever playing reflected most creditably upon herself and her master, Mr. H. M. Field. The programme embraced Dusek's Concerto in G minor; Beethoven's Sonata, op. 26; Liszt's transcriptions of Chopin's Chant Polonaise and Wagner's Spinning Song, and other numbers by Nevin, Raff and Chopin. These were played with refined expression and artistic phrasing, excellent technique and considerable dash and vigor. Several songs were contributed by vocal pupils of Mr. Torrington at intervals in the recital, the singers being Miss Herson and Mr. J. Richardson. Their singing added much to the effect of a generally well chosen and well rendered programme.

There is considerable speculation at present in Canadian musical circles as to the probable choice of the music committee of the First Methodist church, London, in making a selection of organist and choirmaster for that important church. A large three-manual organ is being built for the church and will be in position about September 1. The church is one of the wealthiest in Ontario and offers exceptional opportunities in the musical line for the right man.

The Brampton pupils of Miss H. H. Martin, Mus. Bac., of the Toronto College of Music staff, gave a very enjoyable recital in the lecture hall of St. Andrew's church, Brampton, on Friday evening of last week. A well arranged programme of vocal and instrumental music was carried out in a manner reflecting much credit upon Miss Martin as an instructor. The large audience present keenly enjoyed the recital.

As will be seen by reference to an advertisement in another column, the position of organist at the Orilla Methodist church is now vacant. The organ is a large and excellent two-manual instrument recently erected by Messrs. Lye & Sons. Orilla is one of the most attractive and thriving towns in the province and offers many inducements for a well equipped musician.

Those who were so fortunate as to hear the last lecture by Mr. Frank Hotchkiss, on Vocal Science, will be pleased to learn that another lecture will be given on the same subject at the warehouses of Messrs. R. S. Williams, Son & Co., 143 Yonge street, on Monday evening next at eight o'clock. The public are invited.

Madame Van der Veer Green has written a very graceful note to Miss May Taylor, Mr. Haslam's pupil, praising highly her voice and style, and asking her to accept photo and autograph. Miss Taylor, it will be remembered, sang in Massey Music Hall at the Caledonian Choir concert, at which Madame Green also appeared.

The new pipe-organ erected by Messrs. Warren & Son in the Drummond Hill Presbyterian church, Niagara Falls South, was opened by Mr. A. S. Vogt of this city by a recital on Thursday evening of last week. Miss Dora L. McMurtry, soprano, and Mr. A. L. E. Davies, baritone, were the assisting vocalists.

A very successful concert was given in Ingersoll on Friday, May 21, by the Choral Society of that town under the direction of Mr. W. H. Hewlett of London, formerly of Toronto.

Mr. J. H. Pearce, organist and choirmaster of

St. Phillip's church, has passed a final examination for the degree of Mus. Bac. in Trinity University. Mr. Pearce gained a first-class certificate.

MODERATO.

"You see, it was this way: They were all three so dead in love with her and all so eligible that to settle the matter she agreed to marry the one who should guess the nearest to her age." "And did she?" "I don't know. I know she married the one who guessed the lowest."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

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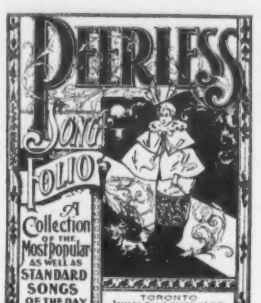
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is open to receive new members at any time. It offers excellent facilities for practical training in Business Methods and Accounting. Its Shorthand and Typewriting Department is particularly strong. Present session continues to July 30th. Holiday for August. Solid work again Sept. 1st. Get particulars. Enter now. Address W. H. SHAW, Prin., Yonge & Gerrard Sts.

Social and Personal.

I hear that Mr. W. B. Scott and Miss Louise Scott of St. George street, who have been two more scarlet fever victims, are now doing very nicely and their speedy convalescence is hoped for.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Rose are on a short visit in New York.

Mrs. William Mackenzie will receive on Monday afternoon at her home in Sherbourne street.



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of superior make and finish, latest tailor cuts, in rich Satins, Silk Brocades, Moire Velour, Moire Poplin, Grenadines, Serges, Figured Alpaca, Lustres, Tweeds and Canvas Cloths, fit guaranteed: also made to order on short notice.

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Eton and Reefer Coats, with lined skirts, well made and fitted.

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In a great variety of Scottish Clan and Family Tartans, also warm wool mixtures and heavy reversible cloths. For ocean and land travel these capes are at once the most comfortable and stylish garment made for the purpose.

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In leather and canvas tops, for ladies and gentleman, in all widths, made by the best makers in the United States.

Do not forget the...

Stylish Summer Shoes

grace the feet of every well dressed person in Toronto.

Those who have not yet bought can yet be pleased at...



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Notice the Frames, they are the finest ever shown in Canada.

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The aroma of the steaming fragrant tea is what gives charm to a meal. True flavor brings good cheer. We claim some skill in the buying and blending of high grade teas. Many who have tried our special 40 cent blend pronounce it perfect. Pure, clear Ceylon teas are used in this blend, and the result is a most pleasant and healthful beverage.

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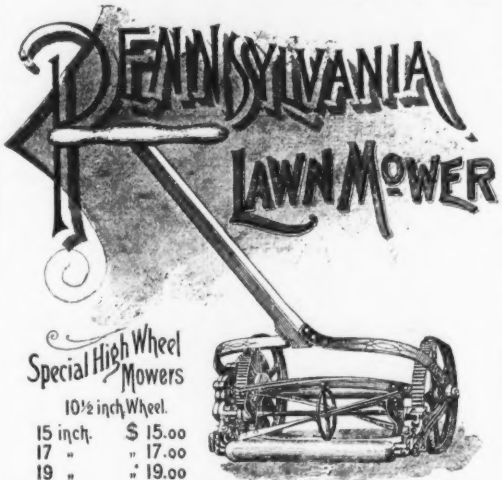
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Most perfectly constructed machine made; strong, durable, easily adjusted, has a rear cut, runs easily, almost noiseless, will cut long grass, leaves surface perfectly smooth; knife works from either wheel, few repairs, the favorite machine, and receives highest awards everywhere.

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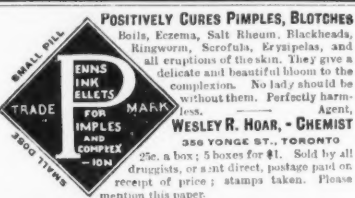
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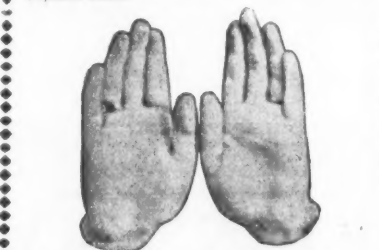
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Ladies are in a flutter over the wonderful new invention and magic beautifier—the "Paris Face Steamer." It absolutely removes wrinkles and all facial blemishes, giving to the face a "pearly blooming purity." Crowds of ladies are buying them and are unanimous in their opinion—that it is the most wonderful beautifier yet produced. Manufactured only by the **Paris Face Steaming Co.**, 11 King St. W., upstairs, over the Basinette.

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Sweet Cream

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Pure, rich, sweet cream, to use on fresh fruits, also whipping cream, delivered to all parts of the city at 40 cents a quart.

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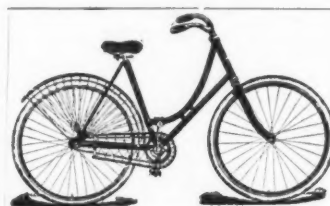
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We have removed our Toronto Store to 147 & 149 Yonge Street.

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We will be delighted to show you our complete and well assorted stock. The latest and leading styles and newest designs, artistically fashioned to meet the requirements of each customer.

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Write for prices and samples.
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Daily, commencing Thursday, May 29, from Yonge Street Wharf (west side), at 3.20 p.m., for St. Catharines, all points on Welland Canal, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, etc. Low rates to excursion parties. Tickets at all principal agents, all G. T. R. offices and head office on wharf. Family book tickets at low rates.

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4 TRIPS DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY)
On and after **THURSDAY, JUNE 3rd**

Sts. Corona and Chicora

Will leave Yonge Street Wharf (East Side) at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., and 4.45 p.m., Connecting with the New York Central and Hudson River Railway, Niagara Falls and Lewiston Railway, Michigan Central Railway and Niagara Falls Park and River Railway.
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Economical in space and carriage. Made in Solid Leather, Plain Canvas, Enameled Duck. Steel or Leather Binding, with Solid Brass Corners.



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will be the Safford triumph to which events in the Heating Trade seem to be steadily tending.

Amid all the uncertainties

"Safford" Radiators

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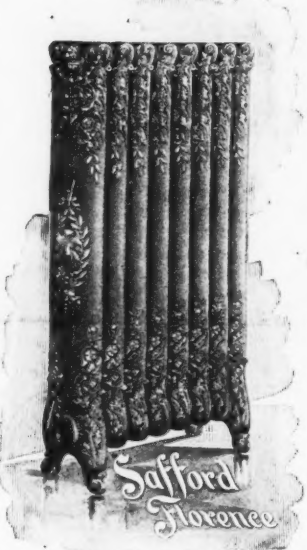
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No Bolts! No Packing!

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Summer Dress.

For business, the sack suit keeps well in front and in favor. It suits old men and young men, and is always presentable. Of course, there is much in the designing and finishing, and one always finds from season to season, variation enough in cut to make one feel there is change of style. Some drapers have the happy knack of introducing their own individuality in the designing. This you will find in garments made by Henry A. Taylor, Rossin House block, and this week he is showing some specially designed business sack suits. One coat notably has strapped seams, with corresponding strap set down front, on which are set the buttons. The coat is of double-breasted style. His stock of summer-weight woollens is very superior.

Good Furniture, Cheap.

The lease of their handsome branch store at 84 Yonge street having been disposed of to James H. Rogers, the leading furrier, the Toronto Furniture Supply Company have inaugurated a mammoth cost-price sale of their fine furniture. All the furniture, including the elegant parlor and drawing-room pieces, is marked in plain figures at actual cost. At the end of thirty days the balance of the stock will be removed to their permanent stores at 54-56 King street west. Even these big stores cannot accommodate two such heavy stocks of furniture. Sales are thus peremptory. An enormous amount of furniture must be sold within thirty days' time. Cost price will rule in both 84 Yonge and 56 King street stores.

Excursion to California.

On June 29th and 30th and July 1st, 2nd and 3rd, the Wabash Railway will sell tickets to California at the lowest rates ever made to the Pacific Coast, tickets good to return before August 15th. Stop-over will be allowed west of first Colorado point and any place in California. Diagrams of sleepers now ready. Now is the time to go and see this wonderful land of sunshine and flowers. The rate for the round trip will be less than the second-class fare one way; everything will be first-class. Detailed information from any R. R. Agent, or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

GIBB—May 27, Mrs. Charles A. Gibb—a son.
SCOTT—May 21, Mrs. Fred W. Scott—a son.
PICKARD—May 24, Mrs. C. E. Pickard—a son.
SPENCE—May 27, Mrs. George Spence—a son.

DAMER—May 25, Mrs. Wm. G. Damer—a son.
HEALY—May 27, Mrs. John J. Healey—a daughter.
KEYS—May 16, Mrs. David Keys—a daughter.
GREGORY—May 22, Mrs. W. D. Gregory—a daughter.
BREAKWELL—May 27, Mrs. T. F. Breakwell—a son.
JOHNSON—Brambridge, Mrs. Thos. Johnson—a son.
MACKECHNIE—June 2, Mrs. C. W. Mackechnie—a son.

Marriages.

BEAMENT—BELFORD—June 1, Arthur Beament to Edith Louise Belford.
MCCLIVE—MISNER—June 1, Hugh Walter McClive to Alice G. Misner.
WATSON—ROSS—June 2, James S. Watson to Margaret S. Ross.
LOGIE—MAGWOOD—June 1, Geo. Logie to Minnie E. Magwood.
ARMOUR—BELL—June 1, James Armour to Marian Graham Bell.
EVANS—SKILL—June 2, George Edward Augustine Evans to Maude Skill.
HANNA—CHAPMAN—June 2, S. R. Hanna to Julia Chapman.

Deaths.

WAYCOTT—On May 28, at Oakville, suddenly, Charles Waycott, beloved husband of Sarah Rogers Waycott, late of Davenport and Bathurst, aged 50 years. Native of Devonshire, England.
BALDWIN—May 30, James B. Baldwin, aged 57.
MACLEAN—May 29, Bessie Emma MacLean.
BOLSTER—May 31, Thomas Bolster, aged 88.
MERRYFIELD—May —, Elizabeth Merryfield.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS...



A gentle and effectual purgative for infants and small children; replaces all nauseous and gripping drugs—no drug taste.

"I walked the floor night and day with my baby; tried every remedy I could hear of, but received no benefit until we tried Baby's Own Tablets; the relief came like magic."—Mrs. B. Gibson, Brockville.

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ARE HOLDING A

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FURNITURE

FOR 30 DAYS

No Reserve

Bargains for All

AT OUR DOUBLE WAREHOUSES

56 King Street West and 84 Yonge Street, near King

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56 King St. West and 84 Yonge St. (near King St.)

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

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INAUGURATION OF FAST TRAIN SERVICE

TO
HAMILTON, BRANTFORD
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6 FAST EXPRESS TRAINS A DAY
TORONTO TO HAMILTON 6
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SUNDAY SERVICE.

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...SPECIAL VALUES...

White Muslin Curtains:

- " Dotted frill, 44 in. x 9.0 \$1.25 and \$1.50 per pair.
- " Embroidered border and frill, 50 in. x 10.6, \$2.50 and \$2.75 per pair.
- " Dotted all over and frill, 50 in. x 10.6, \$2.75, \$3. \$3.50 per pair
- " Handsome border, 38 in. x 9.0, \$1.50 per pair.
- " Fine open work border, 50 in. x 10.6, \$2.35 and \$2.50 per pair
- " Fine open work border } 39 in. x 9.0, \$2.65 and \$2.75 per pair
- " Extra fine quality
- " Extra fine quality, 39 in. x 10.6, \$3 per pair.

We can confidently recommend these goods for Chambers, Boudoirs, etc., and have pleasure in inviting inspection.

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